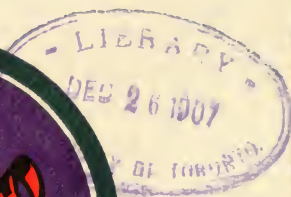


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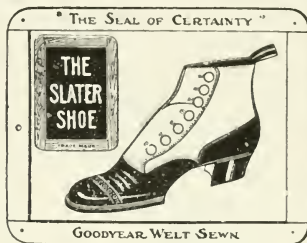
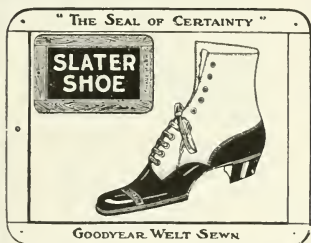
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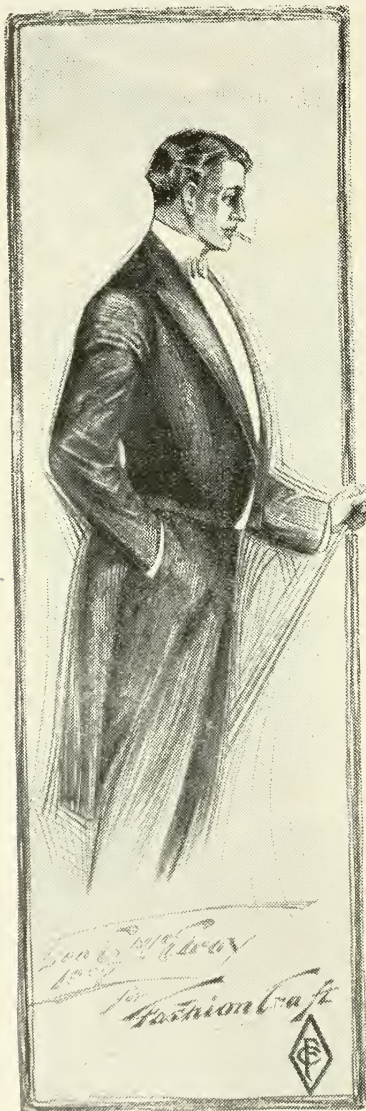
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October:

1. Night Schools open (Session 1907-8). Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due.

November:

9. KING'S BIRTHDAY.
30. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees.
- Municipal Clerks to transmit to County Inspectors statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.

December:

9. County Model Schools Examination begins
10. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
13. County Model Schools close.
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
Municipal Councils to pay Secretary-Treasurer of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township.
County Councils to pay Treasurers of High Schools.

18. Provincial Normal Schools close. (First Term.)

19. Last day for notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerks.

20. High Schools (First Term), and Public and Separate Schools close.

25. CHRISTMAS DAY.

High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.

New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect. By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.

26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools.

30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.

Reports of Boards of Examiners on third Class Professional Examination, to Department, due.

31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.

Trustees' Reports to Trustant Officer, due.

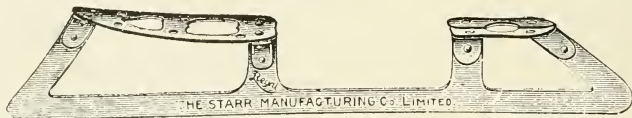
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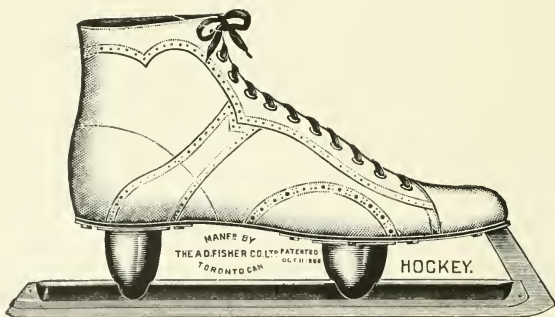
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Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union
Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto

Vol. XXXI. Toronto, December, 1907. No. 3

The Prophet

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

HE trod upon the heights; the rarer air
Which common people seek, yet cannot
bear,

*Fed his high soul and kindled in his eye
The fire of one who cries, "I prophesy!"*

*"Look up," he said. They looked, but
could not see.*

*"Help us!" they cried. He strove, but
uselessly—*

*The very clouds which veiled the heav'n they
sought*

Hid from his eyes the needs of them he taught!

The Realism of Poetry and the Poetry of Prose

PELHAM EDGAR, B.A., PH.D.



HE prosaic mind recoils from the indirectness of poetry's appeal. An old Quarterly Reviewer comments upon Coleridge's lines in *Christabel*:

" 'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way."

He petulantly enquires, "Why could not Mr. Coleridge tell us plainly that it was the month of April?" Presumably he should have added that it was a belated spring.

One effect of the poetic imagination is to shed a glow of color upon the neutral tints of prose, to render pregnant with meaning and vital with beauty that which, in the ordinary medium of speech, might prove the statement of mere commonplace. Coleridge has defined poetry as "the best words in the best order," and it is evident that there is in all good poetry an incommunicable magic, which confers upon even the simplest

thoughts a beauty, whereby they shine as with the freshness of a new creation. A poet's imagination may kindle at the quiet flame of a prose description, in which event he will merely transmute beauty into a higher key, or translate it into a subtler language. Thus Wilkinson's exquisite description in prose of the Highland girl, singing as "she bended over her sickle" ripens into the tender image of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper," as the blossom unfolds into the perfect flower. But ah! the heavy change when we set some blundering schoolboy to the



PROF. PELHAM EDGAR, B.A., PH.D.

task of wrenching his warped prose meaning from some passage, which sense and rhythm have conspired to render the absolute and final expression of a beautiful thought. Matthew Arnold's schoolboy may stand co-rival with that old Quarterly critic as a symbol of prosy literalness. The passage which he is requested to paraphrase is Macbeth's

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,"

which he reproduces by the exquisitely faithful medium of "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" A veil is happily drawn over the sequel.

A poem that can be adequately rendered in prose is not a poem. Prose moves to another rhythm, advances by another logic, and arrives at a different goal. To it are denied the subtle allusions, the darting metaphors, the daring symbols, which are the ladders by which the imagination scales the poetic heaven. Prose is essentially explicit and expository, and when it takes upon itself the glory of words, it does so at its peril. None know this better than our masters in prose, who maintain the beauty of their periods at a quiet glow. How often does a great novelist, but indifferent writer, like Dickens, sing his wings in the poetic flame, and how securely does an accredited master in prose like Matthew Arnold, a great writer save for a few provoking mannerisms, know the different elevations at which prose and poetry must move.

There is something, then, in poetry which prose has not and cannot have; and there are qualities likewise in prose, a logical directness and explicitness of statement, which poetry borrows at grave risk. There are many prose passages embedded in such excellent poems as *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*, and prose passages sawed off into limping pentameter lengths in many an unwary poet besides Wordsworth. How much then, we may ask, of poetic freightage can prose with profit bear, and how far may verse accommodate itself to the literalness of prose and yet maintain the essential qualities of poetry? Sometimes in the realm of description the two types would seem to merge. Walter Pater's description of La Gioconda, and not a few of Ruskin's nobler passages, have the energy and the sustained elevation of great poetry, while on the other hand Scott's poems

constitute an admirable handbook to the Trossachs, without entirely sacrificing their title to consideration as poetry.

I will choose two borderland passages in prose for illustration. Who has not read, or who can read too often, Milton's grave rebuke of the timid ascetic? "He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

Another passage, that equally haunts the memory, is slipped unobtrusively into the marginal gloss of the *Ancient Mariner*. "In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lovers that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

These passages have the dignity, the subtle delight of verse. They are indeed the poetry of prose, and move by an impulse of inward harmony denied even to verse, so intricate are the chords of which their harmony is woven.

In search of another borderland passage, this time of prose tricked out in the garb of verse, I open at random a poem of which I am extremely fond, *The Excursion*:

" Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to reason's law, can strictliest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths
Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach," etc., etc.

It can readily be seen that poetry may lapse from its high function, and still not hit the merits of indifferent prose.

Another type of borderland passage will serve to bring these remarks to a close.

Your modern aesthetic critic, especially if he be of that amphibious brood who have sought to fly in verse and are condemned to crawl in prose, your modern aesthetic critic, I say, takes savage exception to what he contemptuously designates "poetical photography." Poetry suggests, prose defines; poetry is the shadow of a soul thrown over the too visible objects of sense; prose is the literal transcription of the actual. A plague upon such subtleties! Scott's simple cry for the heather upon his home hills has in it as much poetry as Verlaine's analysis of moonshine, and more of human feeling. But there is wholesome truth in Wordsworth's complaint, that Scott too often fell into the error of merely cataloguing nature's beauties. "He went out with his pencil and note-book and jotted down whatever struck him most—a river rippling over the sands, a ruined tower on a rock above it, a promontory, and a mountain-ash waving its red berries. He went home and wove the whole together into a poetical description." After a pause, says Aubrey de Vere, who tells the story, Wordsworth resumed with a flashing eye and impassioned voice: "But nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms. He should have left his pencil and note-book at home, fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy."

Scott sometimes succeeds in uniting minute fidelity to the object with true poetic feeling. But the finest results of poetic realism in that generation are to be found in the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge. We need but recall the famous skating scene in *The Prelude*, or the exquisitely minute image of the daisy, described so tenderly by Wordsworth in his old age:

"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little flowers were born to live
Conscious of half the measure which they give,
That to the mountain daisy's self were known
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone."

Coleridge loves to observe the tiny cone of sand which dances noiselessly at the bottom of a fountain, and no one can doubt

that in this case the fusion between poetry and minutely observed truth is complete. With equal care and a like poetic result he has observed:

“ That branchless ash,
Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
Fanned by the water-fall.”

This leads us on naturally to that curious study in *Christabel* of forest stillness, when

“ There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.”

All these passages are legitimate conquests in the domain of realism. So much may be said, too, for the quaint incursions of the commonplace into the work of Rossetti and his school, because with these poets the commonplace is always touched with significance. Tennyson levies tribute upon science in his zest for exactitude, but his alchemy does not always transmute the baser coin to gold. A text-book platitude becomes a mere conceit in this stanza from “*In Memoriam*”:

“ Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years,
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief hath shaken into frost.”

To combine the keen, glancing eye with the brooding vision—that is the gift we will crave for the Canadian poet yet to be. Shelley's poet is the man of reverie-observed vision:

“ He will watch from dawn to gloom,
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be.
.
.
.
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of Immortality.”

The completer poet is satisfied with the reality of living men, and is contented to watch the yellow bees themselves in the ivy-bloom, and not merely their sun-reflected image.

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FRANK YEIGH.



THE State of Kentucky still retains its supremacy as the greatest cave region yet discovered. Although caverns aggregating hundreds of miles in length have there been explored by venturesome guides, equally wonderful discoveries continue to be made, and in all probability the marvels thus far revealed in these silent, mysterious, changeless pits of eternal night may yet be surpassed.

Such a "find" has been made in the Colossal Caverns. A gaping hole in the side of a hill, fringed with weeds and ferns, had long been familiar to the local residents; but as these apertures are everywhere to be seen, no attempt was made to explore it until recently. The cave entrance is on the farm of a colored man named Bishop—for many years a guide through the adjoining Mammoth Caves, who piloted many a famous visitor through their limestone lanes. This ragged-edged hole in one of his fields, Bishop sold for thirty dollars.

"And why did you sell it for only thirty dollars?" I asked the venerable son of Ham. "An' what 'nd I be a-doin' with a cave? No, sah, it wahn't worth thirty cents ter me, shore 'nuff."

Since the purchase the owners have been exploring it, and the result shows a series of gigantic caverns rivalling in some respects the Mammoth Caves. Many miles of these streets of darkness have thus far been surveyed and made accessible, though the journey is an arduous one. New ramifications are almost daily being traced, and with each new discovery fresh marvels are revealed.

The surface of the surrounding ground indicates how the caves have been made. The whole country is covered with sink holes, of which, it is estimated, there are four thousand in Edmonson County alone. These are circular and oval-shaped depressions, through which all the surface waters drain into caverns and underground streams. The three rivers of this part of Ken-

tucky thus disappear into subterranean channels. The surface rock of subcarboniferous limestone is hundreds of feet thick, providing conditions most favorable for cave formations, and this region contains more and larger caverns in a given area than any other known part of the world. The limestone plain is held up by a capping of sandstone. The deepest caves thus far found



PEARLY POOL ROOM, COLOSSAL CAVERN, KENTUCKY.

descend to a depth of three hundred and twenty feet, and in many places the waters have cut through the different levels, forming the great domes of the cave world.

It was on an August day that I visited the Colossal Caves, a world of vast chambers and domes of awe-inspiring height and breadth and fearsome depth. I found my way to their entrance

by the aid of a little pickaninny, who loaned me his mule and acted as guide. Emerging from a forest into a deep valley, scores of cave holes could be seen in the centre of the fields. Through the saucer-shaped depressions all the rains of all the ages have been drained into the cave-world underneath, and if one were venturesome enough to be lowered into any one of these earth crevices, untold additional marvels would no doubt come as a reward, but it would take no little pluck to make the attempt.

Arriving at Bishop's thirty-dollar-hole-in-the-hill, a typical Kentuckian took me in charge.

"This whole country is honeycombed with holes?" I ventured to remark, by way of starting a conversation.

"Good Lawd, I reckon it is," he promptly admitted, as he expectorated with unerring precision toward a tree target.

Provided with safety lamps, we plunged into the yawning mouth of blackness, and uninvitingly black it was in contrast with the bright sunshine of the upper world. A "descensus averni" it certainly seemed. Soon the last penetrating ray of light was swallowed up, and with the final glimpse of sunshine a cold blast of air swept up from the nether depths, chilling the blood at first, but soon acting as an elixir. The cave temperature is fifty-four degrees the year through, and the air is so highly oxygenized as to enable one to endure easily the fatigue of the journey.

The first series of roughly-hewn steps took us down one hundred and twelve feet. Walking a short distance on a level, another descent of a hundred feet was made, and then during the ten-mile trip that followed a succession of wonders came into view, the beauty and grandeur and awesomeness of which are beyond the power of words to adequately describe. On every hand is exhibited the incalculable power of water, as relentless in its eroding action as the passing of time; as leisurely in its building up processes as the coral architects. It is a realm where the centuries are as a day, the milleniums as a year—a region that makes mock of our estimate of time and laughs at the ticking clocks men have invented.

The main cave of the Colossal system is an avenue five miles long, with a beautifully arched ceiling of uniform curve and

slope. Here we were ushered into a world so unreal, so uncanny, as to set one's nerves a-tingling and one's heart a-beating with the wonder of it all. The strange effect was experienced of our tiny specks of lantern lights forcing back the black walls of perpetual night as we advanced, and from the Stygian gloom gradually emerged the striking results of nature's alchemy in ghostly



STANDING ROCK, COLOSSAL CAVERN KENTUCKY.

stalactites and weird stalagmites, in encrustations of gypsum crystals, in ceilings of iron pyrites whose points caught the reflections of light and glittered in response like so many stars.

Here to the right stretches a branch arm of the main cave, its walls having the appearance of being covered with hoar frost, so strikingly white are the gypsum clusters.

There to the left the sloping walls glisten as if set with diamonds, as pendant crystals answer to the invading light. And everywhere nature is reproduced in a hundred ways, for her twin engineers, time and water, are often in a mimetic mood. Almost every flower that has ever bloomed under God's blue sky is here mimicked; but the petals of the gypsum flowers are gigantic in size, as compared with the growths of the upper world; and almost every vegetable, too, is represented.

In Crystal Avenue there are snow-white toad-stools and mushroom beds. From overhead heights hang seeming clusters of grapes, lines of smoked hams, scores of trussed fowl, and hornets' nests without number. Curious simulations are evidenced on every hand. Now a row of pigeon boxes cut in the cliff, then a blacksmith's forge, yonder a huge bath tub, and here and there portrait galleries, with faces of all kinds in relief, startling the passerby with their suggested features. The seeming death mask of Shakespeare looks down upon the passing traveller from a wall of one of the Mammoth Caves.

Holding his light close to the cave walls, my guide showed me frogs, turtles and snakes apparently transfixed in the flint rock. Coral fossils hang in wondrous profusion from low arched roofs, and just ahead a massive cross of white is outlined against the Egyptian darkness beyond.

Fragile traceries, of exquisite beauty of detail, vie with the shawl and curtain formations of limestone. Nor is color absent, for while white and black predominate, chemical action has produced colored bands of strata that add variety and brightness to the otherwise dull interiors.

Grottoes face one all along the twisted route, and each niche and nook, each crypt and cell, each punchbowl and crater, prove anew that nature never duplicates her designs; for no two chambers are alike, as no two stalactites match each other.

So wonder succeeded wonder as valleys and hills were negotiated, for we climbed the "Steeps of Time" and gazed into Dead Seas and Bottomless Pits. One great descent was made to a fearsome depth, to the floor of Bond's Dome—a weird palace with stupendous architecture of fluted columns, eighty-five feet high, carved in ancient Karnac one might imagine. Midway up the great walls are tiers of galleries and cross-sections, their black

mouths opening angrily as if they were all devouring Gorgons. There we stood, on the bed of an ancient river of inconceivable age, and as we gazed sheer upward at the overwhelming sight, momentarily revealed by the burning of red Bengal lights, the visitor was awed into silence in keeping with the terrible silence of this black palace of nature.

Very imposing are the chaotic masses of rocks and boulders that obstruct the way and reveal something of the titanic power



GROTTO IN SNOWY VALLEY, COLOSSAL CAVERN, KENTUCKY.

which must have moved them in the long-forgotten ages. One stood in amazed surprise in a great hole, named the Ruins of Carthage, with one giant dislodged rock forty feet long, surrounded by hundreds of companions but little less massive. In the Hall of Martinique a similar scene is presented, and in Monument Hall the stranded stones are in more or less upright positions, looking, under the half light, like Druidic altars.

Continuing the inland journey, a sudden disappearance of the cave roof gives one an almost meannny impression of a cham-

ber whose height and breadth could not be measured at one glance. Cascade Hall chanced to be its name. Looming out of the Egyptian darkness, I started back at the sight of an apparition—a colossal rock thirty feet high, standing on end. A new sound struck the ear as well, the first sound, indeed, thus far in all this world of silence, and from hidden depths came the music of a trickling stream, still at its work of cave-making. Other sounds were heard on the journey—drum-like and hollow in their nature—the echoes of our footsteps over natural bridges and thin partitions of rock.

My guide drew my attention to the big, sweating rocks all around me; but the warning to take special care of one's foothold came a trifle too late, as my feet slipped from under me and I had a picture of the cave ceiling from an entirely different point of view.

Then, instead of a dome eighty-five feet high we stood on the edge of a terrible pit, equally deep, but inaccessible save by being lowered by a rope. This was one of the bits of exploration that the guide had recently undertaken, and I was quite content that he should have the honor.

In quick succession came the Hall of the Pearly Pool, a wonder chamber in truth, with pillars of transparent alabaster stalactites, upright and prostrate, with coral fossils in between. Sheets of alabaster, moreover, hung like curtains, and with masses of fretted onyx, the striking of them producing different notes of music. All the limestone marvels here are in process of growth, from little baby stalactites no bigger than pencils, to great herculean pillars.

Other wonders succeeded, such as the Devil's Cauldron, Snow Avenue, Florence's Avenue, a beautiful black street a mile long, and Sampson's Pillar, holding up a world of rock above.

Imitations of oak trees in limestone led to the passing thought that they were petrified forest monarchs. Fibrous gypsum clusters ornamented yet another cavern. Vast music halls, with majestic resonant effects, succeeded low-roofed corridors where a stout man would suffer much penance. It is said that some of the caves have a chord of their own, and when the right chord is struck, wonderful music effects follow. This indeed is proved true in the Echo River Cavern of the Mammoth Caves.

There came another change in the scene. Again I was startled by the unexpected. After walking on the solid limestone floor I suddenly saw a lurid scene beneath my feet. I was standing on a grating of rock, and below it were vast chambers lit by fire. It was a truly Satanic sight, with the vibrating waves of shadows playing pranks with the eye. The guide had thrown strips of lighted tow into this lower tier of cavities, and I could quite believe his word that he always "hed folks skeered right smart by the ornery sight."

At last came the climax. Yet another down-stair trip, picking one's way with great care over the tumbled rocks. It seemed as if we never would reach the bottom, and the deeper we went, the steeper became the perilous way. But there was an end, and never before had I been so deep down into the bowels of the earth, outside of a mine shaft. I seemed to be standing in a valley of giants. Encircling it were rows of pillars of enormous girth and with exquisite carvings, where nature was the sculptor instead of man. Even then I had no conception of the dimensions of this tomb of darkness. Not until the guide, by means of a steel rope and an iron platform, raised the burning Bengal lights, did I comprehend something of the indescribable grandeur of the Colossal Dome. The effect was positively frightening as one felt how puny is man compared to such a chamber of night, one hundred and sixty-five feet high—sixteen storeys one might put it—with marvelous windows, alcoves and cloisters on every side. Bottle-shaped was the strange apartment. Massive curtains of alabaster hung from its lofty sides, gypsum decorations glittered far aloft, but more wonderful than all else was the giant yellow-white stalactite hanging for ninety feet from the dim black roof. Equally wonderful in degree was its companion stalagmite half as high and twenty-five feet thick. Such is the Colossal Dome—more marvelous than the mind can comprehend; more fearfully and wonderfully made than the most vivid imagination could picture.

Our trip through the Colossal Cave ended here. It only remained to retrace our steps and make an exit through the narrow and dramatic gateway of rock, to re-climb the natural stairs and to welcome once again the blue heavens and the blessed light, the green hills and the sailing cloud. Behind were the empty hills; above and around us the world of daylight.

The Leader

EVERMORE toiling, ever accomplishing,
Thus we struggle and strive to the end :
Not without joying, not without sorrow,
Unto our tasks our lives we bend.

Who is our master ? He who goes forward,
Strong in sincerity, leading the way.
His is our roadmark, his is our banner,
Far in the vanguard at close of the day.

What are we thinking ? That which he taught us,
What he was living in dull yesterday.
Then we knew it not ; now 'tis our impulse
Giving us firmness to work and to pray.

Where did he find it ? Not in the bookmen,
Not in the mystical schools of the world.
But in the woes of the people about him,
And the dream - glooms of his thought upcurled.

Because he was masterful, followed the truth-road,
Lived in the dream of the future and past :
He saw the greatness, seized it and weighed it,
Gave it to men in a form that shall last.

This is the leader, the prophet, the genius,
Living the truth in the dull yesterday :
Now we all see it, preach it, believe it,
Forgetting the Greatheart who showed us the way.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

Mother of Free Nations

JOHN LEWIS.



IT is not surprising that there is difficulty in defining the position of Canada within the empire, for it is new, and is changing every day. The position illustrates the capacity of those who trace their ancestry back to the British Islands, to work out new forms of government in harmony with new environments.

At first the work was roughly done. Three hundred and sixty years ago those Englishmen who did not like the existing form of government, adopted the straightforward method of rebelling, cutting off the King's head, and founding a Republic. The Republic did not endure, perhaps because the method was too violent, the change too sudden. Popular government had to make its way more slowly. The more peaceful revolution of 1688 shook the belief in the divine right of Kings, and sowed the seeds of that system of responsible government, parliamentary government, popular government, which is still growing.

A century later, a community of the same race living in America, deemed that the progress of popular government in England was too slow, and resolved to set up a Republic. This seems to be the true explanation of the American Revolution. The notion that the colonists were oppressed, that they rebelled because of intolerable grievances, is gradually disappearing. Substantially, the American colonist enjoyed more freedom than the Englishman at home, for he had freer access to land in abundance, and boundless opportunities for improving his position in life. Even if he had been taxed without representation, he would have been no worse off than the great mass of his fellow-countrymen in the British Islands. Commercial restrictions formed a grievance of a more substantial kind. But in the court of history the real justification for the revolution was that it allowed those who preferred republican to monarchical institutions to indulge their preference. It was unfortunate that this could not be done without violence, but once done, it fur-



WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

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nished a *modus vivendi* under which monarchists and republicans could live under the form of government they preferred, and live at peace with each other. The colonization of North America enabled that to be done by Washington which could not be done by Cromwell.

From this time liberty made progress in two different channels. In Great Britain the slow but sure broadening of freedom was found to be compatible with the maintenance of the monarchy—the throne was “broad based upon the people’s will,” and to-day we see the sovereign keeping a firm hold on the affection and loyalty of the people, amid a ferment of radical ideas.

A third form of government has resulted from the expansion of the British Empire—self government as we have it in Canada, in Australia, and in South Africa to-day. Seventy years ago such an arrangement was declared to be impossible. When Canadians asked for self government it was supposed at home that they really wanted separation. Some were for letting them go in peace; some were for holding them by force or kindness in a position of dependence. Few could conceive of such a relation as has actually been developing for sixty years—union with freedom, moving toward practical equality. The wisest and best of English statesmen were astray on this point, and confidently asserted the impossibility of that which now exists. Now we have freedom progressing, not in one or two channels, but in three, all tracing their origin back to the race who fought at Naseby. I do not ignore the progress of liberty elsewhere, but there is surely something worthy of thought in the fact that these three varying forms of democracy have had their origin in the British Islands.

In this little retrospect may be found a partial explanation of the present position of Canada within the Empire, and perhaps some light upon the future. The position of Canada cannot be defined in the terms used in the early half of the nineteenth century, because it is new. If it is asked whether Canada is a colony or a nation, the answer is—neither; and if a name could be devised that would suit all the conditions of the present day, it might be quite inapplicable fifty years hence. For the position of Canada and its relation to the Empire are changing

every day, changing whenever a bit of railway is built, or land is broken for a new farm, or a new schoolhouse is opened.

To-day we hear things said that would turn the heads of a vain people. Canada, we are told, is destined to be more populous and wealthy than the United Kingdom; then to Canada would naturally fall the leadership of the British Empire. The vision captures the imagination, but not the reason. As long as monarchy is the form of government, the monarchy will have its seat in England, where is its natural environment, social and historical. It could not be transplanted to Canadian soil. Where the monarchy is must also be the machinery of administration and legislation for the Empire. Leadership would not be determined by wealth or population, any more than it is now determined by square miles.

Experience seems to teach us to be prepared for still further variations in modes of government and in international relations. As sixty years ago colonial self-government was declared to be impossible, so it might have been declared that international relations such as exist between the British Empire and the United States were impossible. Between Canada and the United States are four thousand miles of unguarded frontiers. The same sense of security is shown by the withdrawal of the British fleets from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Canada. Both powers act as if war between them were out of the question. Here is virtually a new form of international relation—a relation which, if it existed between the powers of Europe, would render Hague Conferences unnecessary. It is not a formal agreement for peace: it is peace itself, yielding the natural fruits and benefits of peace. It suggests the hope that not only forms of government, but international relations, may be further modified to meet the needs and desires of the human race.

What Love Remembers

ETHIELWYN WETHERALD.

WHAT Love anticipates may die in flower,
 What Love possesses may be thine an hour,
But redly gleam in life's until Decembers
What Love remembers.

Science and Literature

A. J. BELL, M.A., PH.D.



On opening my newspaper this morning I found my attention attracted to an article entitled "Education for Utility and Culture." Our new President has been commending our University and its courses to the members of our Board of Trade, and not unnaturally has added a warning that culture, not utility, must be the aim of the business man, as well as of the professional man, or, for that matter, of any man whatever "who has to make his living or play a part in the world." And by culture the writer means "a training in the art of discovery through long continued exercise of the faculties of observation, comparison, and inference." It is not the subject of a man's study that matters, but the spirit in which he deals with it; whether he is busy burdening his mind with information that is often only partially true, or in training his mental powers to discover truth in the subject-matter with which he is busied. Obviously it is the spirit of the student that matters, and not the subject of his study, whether that be "Greek, or chemistry, or finance, or a play of Shakespeare," the important point is to train the student to find the truth for himself. "Research is related to knowledge as antecedent is to consequent and as cause is to effect." This is true objectively; but surely to the student who deserves the name, research is related to knowledge as consequent is to antecedent and as effect is to cause. This should be our main reason for imparting to our students knowledge, or what seems to us to be so; it must serve as the starting point for future achievement, it must be the lamp to direct them to new and clearer light, it must serve to strengthen and refine the light it sheds.

But while the maintenance of the spirit of inquiry is of prime importance for a student, surely the subject-matter of his study is not without its influence on his mental development and outlook. Will it make no difference whether the student is taught to admire the work of Homer or that of Archimedes, the work of Shakespeare or that of Bacon, the work of Burke or

that of Herbert Spencer? The light that irradiates the human mind is not white light; it is colored by instincts for what we call beauty, majesty, nobility, and virtue. Is the mental outlook quite the same for the man who knows the world only through the work of Newton or Gauss or Cayley, and for the student of Plato, or Dante, or Browning? Those who have directed our education till now have felt the need of uniting these two lines of culture in our training; and to-day, when the triumphs of science show themselves not merely so great, but so useful to man, as to tempt us more and more to turn our attention mainly in that direction, perhaps it is worth while to consider for a little why it is well to emphasize the claims of literature as a constant and necessary part of the training of every student, no matter in what department of study he is anxious to become a specialist.

It is only of late that the material rewards offered to the student of science have become so great with us in Canada, that there seems to be some danger of their obscuring the greater intellectual advantages to be won in all departments of study. At the present moment the danger we must guard against seems to be not so much that of mistaking the memorizing of facts and information for culture as that of undervaluing the culture to be acquired in humane studies, in comparison with the wealth and material advantages offered to the scientific expert in the development of the resources of this new land. The question whether a man should devote his life to literary pursuits or to scientific studies is no new one, and in answering it, the first thing to consider is the mental constitution of the man with its special aptitudes, which will reveal themselves with greatest clearness to himself; so that we may, as a rule, trust a student with the decision of the question as to his course of study. But for the moment there does seem to be a danger lest the noblest rewards that scientific study has to offer be obscured by the material advantages which it now offers to the clever student, and lest many be attracted rather by the rewards of their achievements than by the achievements themselves. The attractive power of scientific discovery is in itself so great, and the range of attainment in literary achievement so restricted, that we can only wonder that scientific studies have not long ago drawn to

themselves all who have the opportunity of devoting themselves to higher studies of any kind.

It was just a hundred and sixty years ago that Voltaire weighed them against all else that the higher studies of his day had to offer; and perhaps the conclusion reached by the clearest head of the eighteenth century may not be without interest for us. In October, 1747, he had been visiting Fontainebleau with Mme. du Chatelet, and over the gaming table, where she had been losing his money as well as hers, had in his impatience stooped to whisper to her in English, "Don't you see you are playing with cheats?" Next moment he saw that the words had been heard and understood, and probably meant the Bastille for himself. He retreated with all possible haste to the chateau of his old friend, the Duchesse du Maine, and there spent over a month in a room with closed shutters, his presence being known only to the Duchess herself and to one or two servants. Every night about two in the morning a servant of the Duchess brought him to the Duchess' room, where during a little supper he listened to her memories of the court of the Sun-King, and in return read to her his work of the day. One of the stories read under these circumstances relates the adventures of Micromégas, a young student from a planet of Sirius' system, who in his "Wanderjahre" reaches our Solar system, and presently, accompanied by a native of Saturn—a dwarf in comparison with him—visits our earth. At first neither of them could discover anything living there; but a collar of diamond beads worn by Micromégas happens to break, and his companion, picking up one of the smallest, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, finds it an admirable microscope, and by its aid discovers a whale in the North Sea. This Micromégas' companion picks up with great care, and, putting it on his thumb-nail, shows it to the Sirian, who fails to discover any trace of a soul in the curious little creature. But next the microscope reveals to them a ship returning from the Polar Sea with a company of scientists and philosophers. Micromégas, after examining it on his thumb-nail, puts it in the palm of his companion. The company, for the visitors quite invisible to the naked eye, was revealed to them by the microscope. Interested in their movements, Micromégas believes he sees them in the act of speaking to one another, and

clipping a shaving from his finger-nail, he uses it as an ear-trumpet, and finds he can by its aid hear the murmurs of these animalcules. Understanding their French—for have we not said that Micromégas was a student? and what student could fail to understand the universal language?—Micromégas, with great precautions in modulating his tones, ventures to address the “invisible insects.” His size is too great for them to realize the speaker, and the dwarf from Saturn is needed as an interpreter. Him they can see, and in a few minutes the geometer of the company tells him his height, exactly to an inch. Micromégas has to lie down to be measured; for while he was erect, his head was too far above the clouds to be visible to the company. But when he offers himself in a recumbent posture, our geometer has his dimensions in a few minutes, and presently astonishes him further by telling him of the intelligence of bees, and of creatures which are in size to bees what bees are to men. On questioning the geometer further, Micromégas finds that he can tell him the exact distance from Sirius to the constellation of the Twins, the exact weight of their atmosphere, and other marvels, till the man from Saturn believes him a wizard. Micromégas is led to ask the wonderful insects whether they know what is within them as well as without, and at once all feel qualified to give him an account of the origin and nature of the soul—accounts far from clear or satisfactory to him, and in time a little creature in a square bonnet essays to set forth for him the philosophy of Aquinas, and begins by telling him that the universe and all that it contains has been created for man. In the convulsions of laughter which follow this, the ship unfortunately falls from the thumb-nail of Micromégas into the pocket of the dwarf from Saturn, from which it is recovered with difficulty. Micromégas gives the secretary of the company a book which explains the purpose of the universe, but on their arrival in Paris they find it blank.

It is clear from his story that Voltaire sets little store by any but the natural sciences, and indeed the magnificent results already attained by them in his day might seem to justify him in this. Copernicus’ proof of his heliocentric theory in the beginning of the seventeenth century had led to the theory of Newton at its close; and the most earnest work of Voltaire up

to this time had been directed to ensuring its acceptance with the French instead of the philosophy of Descartes. Throughout his life he seems to have been cheered by his consciousness of man's achievements in this sphere, a frame of mind manifest in him, when in his old age he resolved to see justice done to God, and erected a church at Ferney, the only one, he used to say, in the world dedicated to God and not to a saint. This, in an absent fit, he dedicated *Deo Solo*, an inscription which in a few days he altered to *Deo crexit Voltaire*. He is plainly satisfied with God and man, with everything, in short, except *l'infâme*. We may imagine how his satisfaction would have been enhanced could he have known, for instance, how the spectrum would reveal to us the chemical composition of Sirius. But by the time this triumph had been won a revolution had come upon the minds of men. Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries man had exulted in his ability to overcome the obstacles presented by distance or minuteness; the telescope and microscope had filled him with delight and wonder. But in the nineteenth century, in the midst of triumphs even greater and more unforeseen, there settled more and more on the minds of men the consciousness of the insignificance and brevity of their existence; the idea that had caused Micromégas to shake his sides was lost in the consciousness of how small a *rôle* man must play in a universe so infinite. Considered from the physical side, how transitory is Galileo compared with the lamp in Pisa's *duomo*, whose vibration suggested to him the pendulum. Every visitor still sees it, and it will probably be seen and admired for centuries. But where is the brain and intelligence of the sage whom it inspired?

Not through physical nature, and not through his triumphs over physical nature, does man realize his relation to a higher sphere or a higher life. In this material universe, what place is left after death for him "who battled for the true, the just," but "to be blown about the desert dust or sealed within the iron hills." Man brings to his study of nature and what it offers not merely the skill to measure and compare, to deduce and to foretell, which have wrought such triumphs in science; he brings an instinct for the beautiful, for the right and the true, for God and for the infinite. Where are these instincts to find

their satisfaction? Where have they found their satisfaction in the past but in literature, which is the record of man's feelings in face of nature and its charms, of man and his deeds, noble or shameful, of God and immortality. Swinburne, who in his *Garden of Proserpine* is thankful that there is no immortality for man, that "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea," when he comes to envisage the loss of his master, Landor, instinctively set aside the possibility of his annihilation by death. And what is our Bible, which we have taken as our textbook of God and of immortality, but the noblest and loftiest of literatures?

In literature, then, it seems to me, lies the value for the sense of insignificance and transiency which Science forces upon us; there we can discover the instincts of the human mind, to satisfy which we must transcend physical nature and the material universe. It matters not that but little progress to certain truth has been made in the sphere of these instincts, that but slow progress at best is to be hoped for here; nay, it is in the very nature of such instincts that truth in them should fail to appear clear and definite to beings so limited as we are. We cannot define the beautiful, the good, the infinite; "here we see as through a glass darkly." Man's facile and certain triumphs in the realm of the physical, the just boast of our era, have yet failed to satisfy what is noblest in him—

"If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,
If we wrapped the globe intensely with one hot, electric breath,
'Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit power comprising,
And in life we were not greater men, nor bolder men in death."

In the satisfaction of these higher instincts lies the only lasting satisfaction for the spirit of man, and in literature we find their record and their best evidence.

More difficult to answer is the question, To which literature, then, is it best to turn? For there are many literatures; but best commended to us seems to me the literature of the Greeks, who have been our guides in things which pertain to beauty and art. Great, too, is the advantage offered by the Greek and Latin literatures in the very difficulties these languages present in form and structure; for hard must be the dust that is to polish the diamond. But while advance is slow in the satis-

faction of man's nobler instincts, I make no question but that there is advance in that sphere too, and that "the thoughts of man are widened with the process of the suns." The literatures of our own day should be able to teach us much for which we range the classics in vain. If the classics, however, are to have a place in our training at all, they must have an early place, when the mind is still plastic enough to assimilate them with some ease; and this mastering brings with it to the study of literatures of our day, moulded and shaped as they have been by students of the classics, such insight and delight, that we cannot afford to want it. While it would be absurd to frame a course for the higher culture of our youth, in which the study of the Greek and Latin classics had no place, it does not follow that our English literature, or the sister literatures of France and Germany, should be neglected for that reason. The study of Latin and Greek need not absorb all our hours; and the student of these languages will find himself amply repaid for the time and labor devoted to them in his enhanced appreciation of the literature of our own day.

Telesm

HELEN M. MERRILL.

A GREY bird in the grass
Where warm winds pass,
And playful shadows rest
A thought's time on its breast;
Flower of the apple in bloom,
Filling with faint perfume
A world that is fair;
Oh, never do wings of care
Brood in the hearts which behold
Wonders in leaf and flower,
Chalices brimming with gold—
Truth in the voice of a bird
In the springing sedges heard—
Hope in an arrow of light
Cleaving the pine wood's night—
Oh, never hath care a place
In my heart where the infinite grace
Of flower, and bird, and bee,
Hath might, and a thought of thee.

Impressions of Canterbury

P. W. BARKER, '08.

"And specially from every shire's end of Engeland to Canterbury they wend."—*Canterbury Tales*.

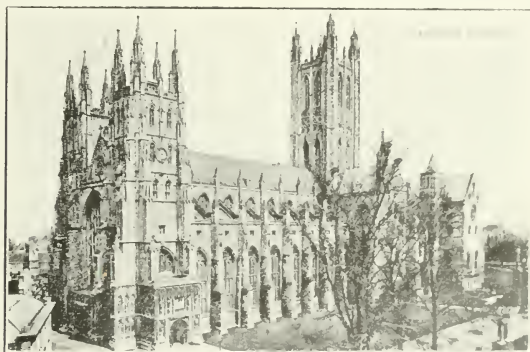


IF Chaucer's words were true in 1380 they are more significant to-day, for the charm of Canterbury of the present draws from a wider realm—from the "Engeland" beyond the seas, and from the whole world. Canterbury was an ancient city even in the far-off days of the father of English poetry; but Chaucer came more especially to do homage at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. To-day the limits of that resplendent shrine are only marked by the hollow worn in the pavement by the knees of countless multitudes of pilgrims.

Wherein lies the popularity of the old city to-day? It is not alone in the glorious old cathedral, rich with memories of the storied past; not alone in St. Martyn's, the oldest church in England, nor in the other numerous points of interest, but in the indefinable and elusive charm, "the light that never was on sea or land," that seems to tinge everything. To illustrate my point, let me call to my aid that great lover of Canterbury, Charles Dickens: "The venerable cathedral towers and the old jack-daws and rooks, whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done; the battered gateways, once stuck full with statues, long thrown down, and crumbled away like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them; the still nooks, where the ivied growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses—everywhere, on everything—I felt the same serener air, the same thoughtful, softening influence." Even the most hardened American tripper, whom Marie Corelli so scathingly criticizes, could scarcely visit Canterbury without coming under its influence.

The city walls, parts of which are still standing, carry us back to the days of the ancient Britons. A mound in the "Dane John" or "Don Jon" pleasure grounds is also ascribed to our Druid ancestors. The Romans utilized these walls to make their "stronghold in the swamp," and Canterbury became a prom-

inent Roman post. Christianity was introduced in the first century by the Romans, and St. Martyn's Church is probably, with one exception, in Dover Castle grounds, the sole remnant of their places of worship. Most of these churches were destroyed by our fierce Saxon ancestors, and the people of Kent became worshippers of Thor and Woden. Then over yonder Roman road from Dover, still defying man and time, came St. Augustine with his band of monks; and hymns of praise were again heard in old St. Martyn's on the hill. Here Ethelbert was baptized, and Christianity flourished till the hardy Norseman came. Fin-



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

ally the Normans appeared, and William of Normandy took possession of the old castle, now in ruins; and from that time on the history of England is wrapped up with that of the Arch-bishop, and is more or less familiar to us all. Standing in the quaint, old-fashioned streets of the city, it is not difficult to picture again the days of the brave knights of old.

But besides the history of the city, the grand old cathedral, towering over all like a great presiding spirit, and visible from all points, demands our attention. Its very antiquity lends a charm—for this is the mother cathedral, as Canterbury is the mother city of England. The cathedral was built on the foundations of a former Roman church, but as it now stands it was

begun by Anselm in 1096, and the nave completed in 1410. Thus it includes Norman, early English and perpendicular Gothic styles of architecture, all blended into one wondrously harmonious whole. The dimensions may aid one in grasping the size of this great pile—537 feet in length. The “Bell Harry” tower, so celebrated by Dickens in “*David Copperfield*,” reaches a height of two hundred and fifty feet, two and one-half times as high as the tower of the main building of the University, and is said to be the finest in Europe. The two west towers are



WEST GATE—CANTERBURY.

superb, and the delicate carving of the Norman tower is exquisite. The nave is lofty and impressive, especially when

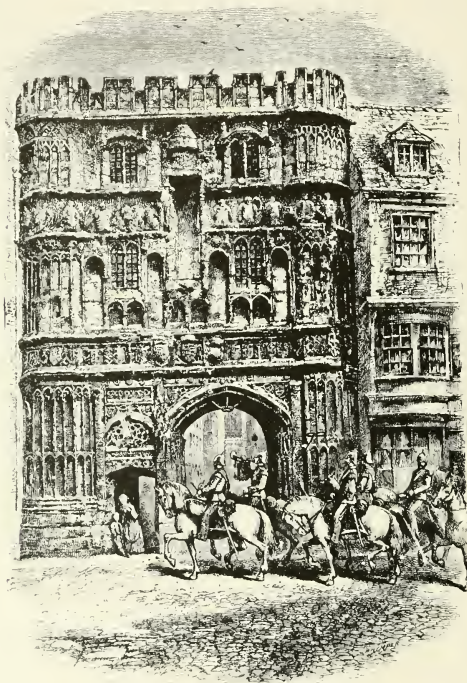
“Through the long drawn aisles and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

The entrance and west end are set with statues of kings of England since King Ethelred, and each is over-arched with stone carving as delicate as lace work. The crypt, of Norman architecture, is, according to Dean Farrar, “the largest and loveliest in England, replete with every form of human interest.” The rounded arches are supported by pillars carved with hatchets, and the work is indeed worthy of those old Norman monks, whose labor was one of love.

But the chief interest to the student is not the architecture nor antiquity, but the associations of the cathedral. What a host of great spirits live again at our call as we walk about the cloisters and through the ivy-covered "Dark Entry" of the *Du-goldsby Legends!* Here St. Augustine labored to convert heathen Kent. Here also King Alfred worshipped and Dunstan was enthroned as Archbishop in the old marble chair of St. Augustine, still shown to visitors. King Canute, making oblation of his golden crown to the cathedral, appears in our vision. The mighty Conqueror himself is one of the great company, for he granted compensation to the Archbishop for taking Canterbury Castle in 1067. Lanfrane and then Thomas à Becket come before us. The spot where à Becket fell is still shown. The story of his canonization and King Henry's penance are well known to us all. To-day all that is left of that great shrine is a single gold crescent, brought from the Holy Land by the Crusaders, and suspended on the vaulted, fair-traceried stone roof above. That arch destroyer, Henry VIII., obtained seven cart loads (on the authority of our guide) of gold ornaments and jewels from the shrine. Close to this once hallowed spot rest the remains of our loved Black Prince, while above his tomb hang his shield, his coat of mail, and his gauntlets. Near this tomb lie the remains of King Henry IV. and his Queen. Other noted tombs include those of Anselm, Lanfrane, Archbishop Temple, and Dean Farrar. And over all the "dim religious light" is shed by beautiful thirteenth century windows of painted glass, among the most priceless of early glass painting in all Europe. But we must reluctantly turn our backs on the old grey towers with the rooks circling round them, for other things of interest remain to be seen.

Naturally our feet turn towards old St. Martyn's, situated on a commanding elevation overlooking the city, and flanked by an old Dutch-like windmill, so common in Kentish landscapes. On our way we pass through the Dark Entry, past the famous King's School the oldest boys' school in England, and St. Augustine's College, also the first in Great Britain. Then we pass the "Little Inn," mentioned in *David Copperfield*, where Mr. Micawber "waited for something to turn up." St. Martyn's is one of those old churches with square, battlemented, ivy-

mantled towers, which are so frequently met with. The ivy trunk is so thick at the base that it looks as if it had clung to the tower even in St. Augustine's day. The interior is finished in rough



CANTERBURY—PRECINCT GATE.

stonework, like the outside, and traces of Roman work are evident. The Saxon font was used by St. Augustine and is still utilized for baptisms. One can almost hear the hymns of praise sung by St. Augustine and his monks in the midst of heathen England, when this church meant so much to Christianity.

True Protestants and lovers of religious freedom visit with reverence the Martyrs' Memorial, a shaft erected to the memory

of forty-one Kentish martyrs burned in Canterbury in Queen Mary's time. The names inscribed on the obelisk include eight women. On one side are the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and on another side, "Lest we forget." The writer was also privileged to stand before the complementary memorial to Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley at Oxford.

Space will not permit a description of the Dane John pleasure grounds; "Ye Old Chequers Inn," celebrated in *Canterbury Tales*; the buildings of the Canterbury weavers dating from Huguenot times, when Canterbury was a refuge for French exiles; or the buildings of the Grey Friars and White Friars. But an article on Canterbury would be incomplete without mention of its curious old gabled shops, its narrow streets, and its essentially Old World houses, "which seem to lean over as if to listen to what is going on in the narrow streets below." West Gate Towers, once used as a prison and chief gate of the city wall, is noted as the finest gateway in England. At its portals was focussed the trade of England to and from the Continent, and here the various Kings of England received the freedom of the city. It was at this spot that King Henry doffed his royal robes and put on his pilgrim garb to walk barefooted to the cathedral to do penance at à Becket's shrine. The writer was privileged to see this battlemented gateway illuminated at the French soldiers' celebration of the "Entente Cordiale" between the two nations, when tri-color and Union Jack waved side by side as if there had been no Trafalgar or Waterloo. His companion has vivid recollections of the same occasion, for near the West Gate Towers he received a continental salute on each cheek when the effervescing Frenchmen were saying their adieus on the way to the station. Canterbury contains a splendid art gallery, with paintings by Burne-Jones and other famous artists, and a fine museum, but space will not permit of further description.

In concluding this article, which constitutes, as it were, "wings which take me back and hold me hovering over those days," let me hope, as one of its results, that in your trip abroad, Canterbury may be one of the first and best places in your itinerary; and that your memories of it may be as pleasant as those of the writer.

The University and the Fine Arts

J. W. L. FORSTER.



UTILITIES demand first place in our national schools of every grade, from the lowest to the highest. Any educational proposition that does not consider them may be promptly set aside as unsuited to our country and our times. While this is true, it is also not far from the facts that crafts and trades are supplied by apprenticeships only, and the courses of study in any College Calendar will be found to serve chiefly the professions. The interpretation of utility is, therefore, limited to a more or less narrow purpose. This limited application is found in every study, and for this reason many courses, with many more alternatives and options, are required to meet the needs of the various vocations served by study courses in our colleges. Amongst the professions, the one that has received the least assistance from the schools is that of the artist.

The place given to the artist in the courts of the civilized nations is in itself conclusive as to the prime place he should have in schools of learning; and, if a curriculum has not been provided for him hitherto, the time has arrived when such might well be considered. There are two or three ways in which this suggestion might be adopted, it seems to me; one is suggested by the Slade Professorship in Oxford, of which John Ruskin was the first to occupy the chair. This makes provision for twelve lectures on art, and a practical course in drawing and general art school work. There is The Fine Arts Course, as in Syracuse (N.Y.) University, with diploma on graduation, and there is the course in Aesthetics, as in the University of Paris. The universities quoted are by no means the only examples, but are named, that their respective calendars may be examined to see at once to what I refer.

It is not my intention in this article to discuss these several courses of study, but merely to introduce the general proposition of a place in the university for Art and Aesthetics. The artist has hitherto been personally more or less indifferent to the virtues of his craft, to the moral influence of his productions,

and to the respect, I may say esteem, accorded to his profession by common consent. He has been infatuated with the technique of his work, and forgetful of other paramount qualities. As a whole, the artists of to-day are well informed, but this is the result of desultory reading and an open mind. If to this was added a systemized course, how great the gain would be. Their greatest need is knowledge. I would ask for my profession the most scholarly instruction in art history to be had, a knowledge of what the art of the world, both ancient and modern, has had to do in influencing the domestic and social life of the nations, and how much of national history may be read in their art. The growth of style, of ornament and design, of the many decorative features that mark tribal kinships; the ethical side of art; the art impulse, its power and direction; beauty and the whole library of aesthetic literature having foundation in the art sense—all these are his birthright, and should be placed before him. One might commence at this point and take up the hundred forms of useful truth applicable to the artist and serviceable to his profession and daily life.

But it is not to the professional artist alone that this proposition appeals, although it should appeal principally to him. Artistic feeling is not confined to artists, but is present in a greater or less degree in the whole human family. Such a course of study commends itself, in a measure at least, to every intelligent man or woman who cares to think or who has a moment's leisure for the purpose. One of the desirable objects of the study of aesthetics is the right and best use of leisure.

The spirit of our continental American life is rapidly changing. The simplicity, the piety and the frugality of the Puritan and the Loyalist are passing, if not gone, and in their place has come the love of pleasure which has been caught from the continental European, who is with us in overwhelming numbers. Dr. Giddings, Professor of Sociology in Columbia University, speaking of this European influence, says: "We are feeling the contagion of his lightness of heart. By adopting his amusements—and his indulgences—we are fitting ourselves for the rational enjoyment of the leisure and the luxury which inevitably will be the heritage of the future American people." The problem of the United States is quite as much the problem of

the people of Canada. I cannot now discuss the part the home should play, and what the Church must do, but it is the concern of the educational system that an intellectual and healthy leisure be made possible for the millions who are said to toil incessantly, and also for the thousands who rest continually. It is not more life, but better life, we want. Even the recasting of creeds is less than the re-creation of ideals which are readjusting the relationships of nations, races, and society everywhere. Improvement in agriculture and other industries is touching the enterprise of many and the interest of all. In diet and home comforts the English-speaking peoples have at command more luxuries than Solomon, Croesus or Agricola. Whether this supply of wealth and luxury will tend to the aesthetic development of these great peoples or to their decay and degradation, as similar luxuries did for Babylon, Thebes and Athens, will depend upon the life ideals given to the youth of our country.

High ideals have already followed in the wake of scientific research, and have created improvements in enterprise, a remodelling of business methods, and a recasting of social codes and conditions. A broader system of ethics is emphasizing the claims of a man's neighbor and the rights of his brother. The great accumulations and the general distribution of wealth are now drawing the attention of thinkers to the problem of the right use of wealth, whether to feed the semi-barbarian affectations that lead indirectly to grossness and unwholesome indulgence, or to promote the culture of the finer graces of character by wholesome occupations of the mind. Shorter hours of toil and longer periods of leisure present the same problem. The conveniences of communication and travel, with leisure and wealth, are creating incentives to self-restraint, while liberating the impulses of an artistic nature. This is the field of the new adventure; and the colleges must follow the lure. They are supplying curricula for the miner, agriculturist, mariner, manufacturer, electrician, for statecraft, law, healing, morals, music, etc., yet they are barely beginning to consider Art and Aesthetics as fundamentals to the better modes of life.

Aesthetics have already received attention from many of the European universities, and the framing of a curriculum with



CLASS OF '08 EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM.

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Aesthetics as the basis would have many arguments to commend it to the young men and women of our country. It commends itself especially to those favored with abundant leisure (if such be a favor), because of the larger mental outlook it should give. It would suit happily the busiest men of great cities, whose brief snatches of leisure it is desirable most wisely and profitably to employ. For professional men it should have many attractions in the development of taste and in the appreciation of beauty, and to all of an artistic nature its appropriateness is sufficiently evident to make argument unnecessary.

To the women of the land who are homemakers the attractions of Art and Aesthetics might reasonably appeal, for all the elements of this most interesting and many-sided study seem brought into focus in the home. In the home sphere is to be found the soil for the most prolific and healthy growth of the aesthetic spirit. Everything responds readily to natures nurtured in such a school, for all the graces of being, whether of feminine perfections or the virtues of masculine character, thrive together in such an atmosphere. A place in the Calendar for Art and Aesthetics may be advocated as a blessing to the homes of our country, as an aid to the ideals of our youth, as a moral specific in our social and public life, and as the grace and crown of our national well-being.

Sorrow

H ISABEL GRAHAM.

SORROW, thy name is Wonderful ;
 The blossoms of thy rod
 Fall gently on the stricken soul,
 Their incense borne abroad ;
 'Tis through the medium of their tears
 Men see the thought of God.

The World's Christmas

AGNES MAULE MACHAR (FIDELIS.)

I.

DEATH.

FAST fades the light, still waning, waning;
The world has grown cold and grey;
Its brightness fled—death and darkness gaining—
O'er the sweet light of day.

And the keen north wind drives the sere leaves flying
From the wreck of the beauty dead,
While in gloom and sorrow the earth is sighing
For the light of a day that is dead.

Yet see, in the east, a rose-tint glowing
Marks the place of the hidden sun,
And it shall not fail till the dawn be showing
The Christmas Day begun!

II.

LIFE.

There's a life undying, ever at war
With darkness and dull decay,
Shining afar, in the Christmas Star—
The herald of Christmas Day!

And leaf, and bud, and flower shall awake
As the strong life-current grows,
And the desolate lands into bloom shall break
As the south-wind softly blows.

'Tis the breath of the Lord of light and life—
The Child who to earth came down
With the message of Peace to a world at strife—
The Child with the Kingly crown!

'Tis the Spirit of Love and life that broods
O'er the dark and sin-tossed earth,
And bears, to its farthest solitudes,
The Song of the Christmas Birth!

Its music swells o'er the busy marts,
Through echoing arch and dome,
And breathes 'mid the wilds, to lonely hearts,
A soft, sweet note of home.

It brings to the sad, the sick, the poor,
A touch of the Love Divine;
It throws the light of its radiance pure
To the depths of the darkest mine.

And it calls the slumbering Church of God,
In stronger than trumpet-tone,
To rise in her might, and ride abroad,
To bring to the King His own:

To bring to the world that toils in vain,
'Neath its burden of sin and wrong,
The ransom from evil, and death, and pain—
The King it hath looked for long!

And she musters her hosts for the great Crusade,
And her banners stream far and wide,
As she hastes to bear to the world He made
The light of His Christmas-tide!

The Home-Coming

JEAN BLEWETT.



THEY are mother and daughter one can see at a glance. The girl is fair, the mother has been; the girl's hair is shiny brown, the woman's has been; the girl's cheek is pink and round, the woman's has been; the girl is plump and dimpled and sweet, the woman has been. They are objects of interest to the rest of us from the time they take the train at Chicago, early in the morning, until they leave it at a little Canadian town in the dusk of evening.

The gruff old man in the silk skull cap nearly bursts a blood-vessel in a vain attempt to raise a window when the girl exclaims against the stuffiness of the coach; the tall college youth, on his way home for the holidays, presses the morning papers and a magazine upon them; the fussy passenger, the lady with the alligator bag, the chap who brushed his hair every five minutes, the woman across the aisle, and her friend with the bag of peppermints, the man with the asthma, the girl with the pompadour, the drummer—everybody, pays attention to the girl who is fair and the woman who has been—that is, everybody but the Englishman in the tweed suit. He keeps a wall of reserve and a newspaper between himself and his fellow travellers.

There is an air of goodfellowship in the way the girl looks at her mother, leans toward her, laughs with and at her. One feels that they have lived much by themselves and grown to be comrades. And they must have lived in big spaces, for they speak loudly. It is doubtful if the girl knows how to whisper. The little woman gets nervous and excited as the day wears on. Every half-hour she asks the girl, who carries a tiny watch at her waist, the time; she wonders if the train is not late.

"I know somebody that's getting tired," cries the girl.

"Not tired, Janie; restless like. It's getting so near home does it. Fifteen years is a long while to be away from kith and kin." Poor little faded woman! somehow you feel the homesickness of the years touch you.

"You can't remember the old place, you were only a bit of a baby when we left it. You don't know how often I've

wished you had been older. If we could have talked together about it, things would have seemed easier."

Janie drew the woman's hand in hers. "Homesickness must be a mortal mean disease," she exclaims; "I've never had it."

"Homesickness"—a thrill of passion in her voice—"is the worst kind of starvation, it's being famished for something you know you can't get, no matter how hard you cry for it, and the more you know you can't get it, the harder you want it, till—" She breaks off and looks out of the window.

The man in the skull cap coughs huskily. The Englishman gives his paper an impatient rustle.

"Oh, you poor mammie, is it so bad as that?" cries Janie.

"Everybody allows it was the best thing your pa ever did when he sold his farm in Ontario and got that big place in Dakota. Maybe it was, but it was awful hard on me. I used to get so lonesome for a woman to talk to; not a neighbor within miles of us—think of it! Your pa is kind as the next one, but you can imagine how much sympathy I'd get from him, busy as he was. 'We came out here to make money, my girl, so why worry over a trifle,' he used to say when I'd carry on. It wasn't a trifle that I couldn't see father or mother, or your Uncle Tom. Oh, how I missed Tom. One summer we had a chore boy that laughed like Tom, and I nearly killed him with kindness, got him so fat and lazy he wasn't any good on earth, your pa said—" She laughs a quavering laugh, which is echoed by Janie.

"Just supposing you were hundreds of miles away from me, and knew you couldn't get back to me, no matter what happened, you—"

"Oh, but I would," cried Janie; "I would, I would!"

"I used to fancy I heard the maples fluttering, and as for the old house, I could shut my eyes any time and see every knot in its boards, every pane in its windows, every hollyhock and morning-glory round its door. Lord bless you child! I hope you'll never have to go through what I've gone through. No wonder I'm old and faded." The tears of self pity stand in her eyes. "Fifteen years is a long time to be away from your own folks. I've been lonesome for the very hill we climbed on our way to school, for the green pump in the garden, the creek behind

the barn, the creaky old gate—everything. Got it in my head the sky didn't come near so close to the earth as it did in Ontario. Honestly, Janie, the ache never left my throat till you grew big enough to be a comfort."

Janie's arm is around the woman's neck. "Don't feel bad about it now," she urges; "we'll soon see it all. Tell me about grandma, that's a dear."

"I ought to have told you heaps about her, but as soon as I begin, the love I have for her kind of swells up and chokes me. I always leaned on her; it'll seem good to lean on her again, when—I declare, I keep forgetting that I'm not a girl any more."

The Englishman flings down his paper and gives his coat-collar an impatient twist. "Dence take these women and their sentiment!" the twist says plainly.

The little woman from the prairie is not thinking of her audience at all. She is going home, home, home. Exhilaration and nervousness make her garrulous. She has stored these memories in her breast for so long, so long; and now, with the welcome and gladness near, it is a joy to pour them out to Janie.

"One night I nearly scared your pa to death. You were sick; we thought you'd die before morning. My heart just broke as your little face got whiter and whiter. I ran outdoors and called 'Mother! mother! mother!' at the top of my voice. The cattle lifted their sleepy heads over the bars to look at me, the corn tassels rattled in the wind, and your pa—well, he made sure I'd gone out of my mind. I went back quiet as could be. I've wondered sometimes if God didn't take it as a sort of prayer, which it was, and answer by making a woman of me."

The tears are in Janie's eyes—and in ours. He of the skull cap blows his nose noisily; the asthmatic lady's breath comes in heavy gasps; the Englishman turns his back on the whole sentimental lot of us and gazes out of the window; the woman across the aisle empties every beloved peppermint in Janie's lap.

A silence falls on her as we cross the Detroit River and go flying through Canadian territory. It lasts so long that Janie grows troubled. "What is it, mammie?" cries the fresh, sweet voice. "You aren't surely—why, you're crying! Does your head ache, dearie?"

"No, I'm just thinking I'm afraid I'll look awful old to

the folks at home. Maybe if you were to put one of your blue ties round my neck. I used to wear blue. There, give me the hand glass. Take it off," brokenly, "I look a fright in it. Father used to say blue was my color, but I've got too old and bleached out for it. What if the folks wouldn't know me? When I left I looked a lot like you do now—oh, Janie!"

"Don't cry, mother; don't care. You look lovely to me, and if you don't look the same to the rest, why we'll go straight back west." Janie's fierce tenderness endears her to all.

"Hard work and lonesomeness brought the wrinkles and the grey hair. Tom and I used to laugh at old Aunt Ann's homeliness. I'm scared stiff that I look like her."

"Mammie, what's got into you? Nobody could be right down homely with eyes like yours," urges the girl, and the woman looks comforted.

The brakeman calls out their station. We all bustle forward to help them off.

"Allow me," says the Englishman, and to the consternation of the woman, and of us, picks her up and fairly carried her to the platform.

The light shines full on a white-haired man and woman. We all share a little in the joy of the home-coming. It is Janie, the girl with the wild rose bloom, and the gay, glad air, that the father gathers in his arms. Why not? She is more familiar than the woman, more like his girl, his pretty girl, who went away. But a mother makes no mistakes; her eyes

"Change not, not note a change."

And the faded little woman is gathered close, oh, so close, to the bosom where she rested as a child.

The train moves on, and all of us are very still.

Our College---A Retrospect and Prospect

Victoria---1829-1892

A. L. LANGFORD, M.A.

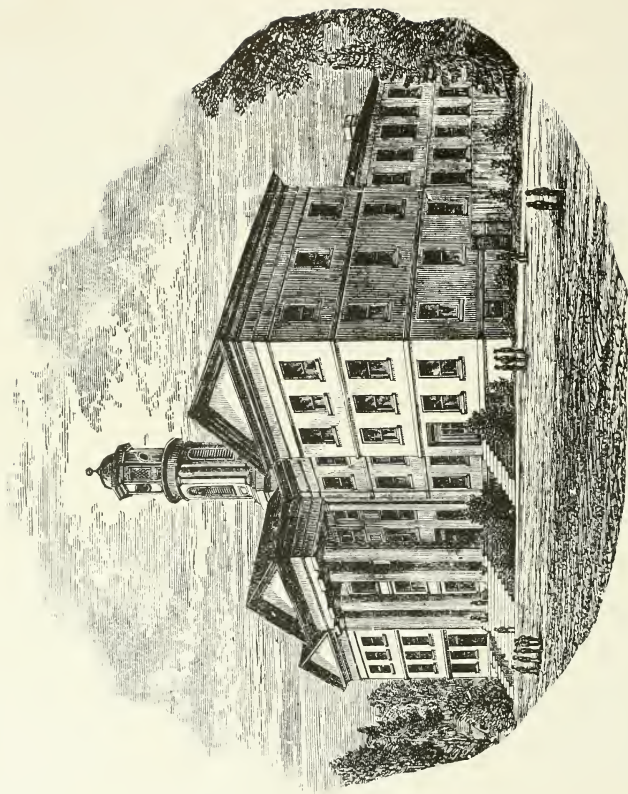


STUDENT of the educational events which occurred in the early days of this Province might very fairly wonder why it seemed necessary to the men of that time to found three Universities—Toronto, Queen's and Victoria. The duties of the early settlers was necessarily far removed from higher education, and only a small proportion of their sons could be spared for an advanced scholastic course. It would hence seem to us to have been the part of wisdom in those days to concentrate work and economize resources. What were the circumstances, therefore, that can be cited in justification of this seemingly needless extravagance?

The answer to this question will take us at once into the midst of contestants who, though their weapons were always keen, yet wielded them generally with courtesy. To understand aright the questions in the debates of 1820 and the immediately succeeding score of years, one must state briefly what had preceded this time of conflict. Governor Simcoe, the first Governor of the Province, arrived in this country with at least two definite ideas in his gubernatorial head for the betterment of its citizens, religion and education. By education he had in view not only the rudimentary schools, but also an endowed "University, which would be most useful to inculcate just principles, habits and manners into the rising generation." He further stated as his forecast for the proposed University in Upper Canada, that it might "prevent the youth of the Province going to the United States, and thus pervert their British principles." And again, the University "might in due progress acquire such a character as to become the place of education to many persons beyond the extent of the King's dominion." Governor Simcoe, besides thus starting the University question in this Province, brought to this country the man who for more than half a century did more, perhaps, than any other one man to keep the ecclesiastical and edu-

educational life of this country active, Dr. Strachan. After Governor Simcoe withdrew, in 1796, his proposed plan was "dropped and forgotten," or so it seemed.

But, thanks largely to Dr. Strachan's example and efforts, the University matter was not dropped, and in 1827 King's College was granted a charter by George IV. If, then, those in authority had not mixed with their excellent ideas on education some old world thoughts on ecclesiasticism, many subsequent educational puzzles would not have had to be solved. Dr. Strachan was the author and chief supporter of the charter, which contained "provisions which are calculated to render the institution subservient to the particular interests of the English Church." (Address of House of Assembly, 1828). Dr. Strachan regarded King's College as a "Missionary College," and held that a "further and more pressing reason for hastening the active commencement of the University will be found in the fact that our Church, in its present state, may be said to be struggling for existence." At the same time, the supporters of the University "hoped that it would be founded upon a very liberal scale, so that all denominations of Christians may be enabled, without any sacrifice of conscience or of feeling, to attend the prelections of the different professors." Dr. Strachan further showed his desire to meet the wishes of the "Dissenters" by striking out of the charter of 1827 the condition that professors should sign the Thirty-nine Articles before appointment; nevertheless he retained the requirement that they must be "members of the Established Church of England and Ireland." All the concessions made, which still left the English Church dominant, were not satisfactory to the House of Assembly and to the majority of the citizens. Petitions to the House complained of "ecclesiastical domination," and the House carried a motion "that whatever in said charter gives a sectarian character to said University ought to be done wholly away." In 1830 the House of Assembly stated that the "University as at present constituted is undeserving of public patronage." The same year a meeting of friends of Religious Liberty in York asked "that the charter of King's College be modified, so as to exclude all sectarian tests and preferences." All these protests were unavailing.



VICTORIA COLLEGE, COBOURG.

Mid this very general opposition to King's College as then constituted, the Presbyterians and Methodists each made a move to supply what they deemed was denied them in the State College, the Presbyterians at Pleasant Bay, Prince Edward District, and the Methodists at Cobourg. The first mention of a Methodist College was at a Conference held in Ancaster in 1829, but "nothing decisive was done." Next year at Kingston, at a similar gathering, a "committee of seven devised and reported a plan for establishing Upper Canada Academy." Their report was adopted by Conference. In this report it is of interest to note that each preacher was "requested to use his best endeavors to obtain funds," and that the Academy should "be purely a literary institution. No system of Divinity shall be taught therein, but all students shall be free to embrace and pursue any religious creed and attend any place of religious worship which their parents or guardians may direct." "The object," as stated by Dr. Ryerson, "of this proposed seminary is not to compete with any College which may be established in this Province, but rather to be tributary to it." A committee was appointed to select a site, and at a meeting in Picton, Jan. 27, 1831, it chose the "village of Cobourg by a majority of 5 to 2." The places proposed were York, Cobourg, Colborne, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville. It will be seen that at this early date Toronto was already thought of as the home of Victoria, and that the move of 1892 was merely the carrying out of a proposal of sixty-one years before. At the following Conference, September, 1831, owing to the success attending the effort to obtain subscriptions it was recommended "that the Building Committee at Cobourg proceed with the building." But the accomplishment of this was not so easily brought about. The utmost efforts of all concerned up to 1836 could raise only £4,000, leaving £2,000 for which the trustees had to become personally responsible to the bank in order to complete the payments on the building. With bankruptcy staring them in the face, and failure more than probable, the Legislature, in 1837, came to their aid and granted as a loan £4,150. (The actual payment of this money was attended with considerable difficulty.) That the leaders in the Legislature were adherents of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Catholic bodies made this generous aid all the more gratifying. This relieved the

promoters of the College from all immediate anxiety, but meantime "the formal opening of Upper Canada Academy" had taken place on the 18th of June, 1836, under the Rev. Matthew Ridley as Principal, with one hundred and twenty students, eighty of whom were boarders.

From 1836 to 1841 Upper Canada Academy played an important part in supplying a rudimentary education to the young men and women of the Province, and in some parts of it one can still find old pupils of Upper Canada Academy.

This, then, is the answer to the query at the beginning of this



VICTORIA COLLEGE

article, and with some such defence can the founders of Upper Canada Academy turn aside the charge of extravagance and wastefulness. While most of us in this day, irrespective of our Church and College attachments, may rejoice that the efforts of the Conservatives of 1800-1840 did not succeed, yet we may surely just as heartily acknowledge our great debt to them. The educational hatchets of our forefathers must be buried deep by this time, and doubtless Bishop Strachan and Dr. Ryerson, when they look out over the battlements, exchange angelic

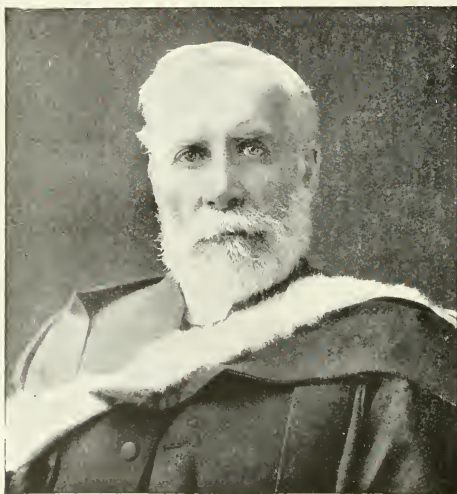
smiles as they see their intellectual descendants living together so amicably under the protection of the University of Toronto.

Between 1836 and 1841 the Academy had the usual experiences incident to such institutions, growing attendance, and in consequence deficits and shrinking funds. Still, owing to the efforts of the laymen and ministers, often at a very great personal sacrifice, the Academy was kept in operation and grew till 1841. Then, owing to King's College maintaining its sectarian attitude an Act was passed by both branches of the Provincial Legislature, enlarging its powers to those of a University, with the name, Victoria College. At the same time a grant of £500 was made. Dr. Ryerson, in making application for the Act of Incorporation, stated that it was their "determination as far as possible to make the entire ministry of our Church as respectable for its scholarship as it is for its natural talent, practical knowledge, and self-denying industry and enterprise." Again, he spicily added that this "Ministry has been far and wide cultivating the moral wilderness of the Country, at a time when the more favored clergy of other Churches have been studying the Classics."

On October 21, 1841, the formal opening of Victoria College took place, with Dr. Ryerson as Principal. The staff consisted of: Dr. Ryerson, Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric; Professor Hurlburt, Hebrew and the Natural Sciences; Professor Van Norman, Greek and Latin; Professor Kingston, Mathematics and English; Mr. Crowley, Assistant in English; Rev. John Beatty, General Agent and Treasurer; Mr. Robert Webster, Steward. The salary of the Principal was \$800, and that of the Professors was \$600. The number of hours of teaching a day was six, and the Principal said he "did not propose to lessen their duties or to increase their salaries." The course was without any elections, apparently, and covered four years. The subjects prescribed were: Latin, Greek, English, French, Mathematics, Science, Philosophy, History and different subjects that may be grouped as Religious Knowledge. It will be noticed that there was no German. Modern Germany had not yet been discovered; Sadowa and Sedan had not yet been won. A move was soon made, however, to remedy this defect. The first graduates in course were: Oliver Springer, '46; W. Ormiston, '48; W. P. Wright, '48; Charles Cameron, '49; James Campbell, '49.

In 1850 the Rev. S. S. Nelles, M.A., was appointed Principal, and he at once set to work to increase the number of the faculties connected with the University. The Faculty of Medicine, in Toronto, was added in 1855, the Faculty of Law in 1860. When later the Faculty of Theology was added, Victoria could boast the four Faculties—Arts, Law, Divinity, and Medicine.

The next long step in advance made by Victoria was in 1871, two years after the Legislative grant was cut off. The Faculty of Theology was established largely by the generous help of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson, of Hamilton.



N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
CHANCELLOR VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

This meant an entire change of policy on the part of the authorities of Victoria. Dr. Ryerson had said, speaking of Upper Canada Academy at the beginning, "No system of Divinity shall be taught." Speaking later, when Victoria College was organized as a University he had stated that it was their object to make the ministry of the Methodist Church respectable for scholarship, thereby meaning, no doubt, general culture and information, not training in the special work of a Theological

College. Even Dr. Nelles, like many other distinguished theologians, is reported to have given a lukewarm support to the establishment of a theological department, thinking, doubtless, a ministry well equipped by a thorough Arts course was stronger than if trained in an inadequate Arts course succeeded by a special discipline in Theology. Still, times changed and views altered, and Victoria added Theology to her Faculties, with the present Chancellor, Dr. Burwash, as its first Professor, and later Dean. The Faculty grew and its work increased, till in 1891, the year before Victoria entered federation actually, the Professors numbered six and the students in Theology one hundred and ten.

The last matter to be dealt with in this statement of the crises in Victoria's history is the cutting off of the Legislative grant of \$5,000 in 1869. In varying amounts the Legislature had contributed to the maintenance of "Denominational Colleges." These Colleges had asked for this as a right, and the granting of this request had looked as if this right were acknowledged by the Legislature. It should be borne in mind, too, that Victoria at least, in accepting this money, had at the same time put herself under governmental inspection. Dr. Ryerson said in 1842: "The charter of Victoria College provides that the Speakers of the two Houses of the Legislature and the Law Officers of the Crown for Canada West shall be members of the Victoria College Board and of its Senate, and as such they have the right to visit and examine into the affairs of the College at any time. We have not asked aid from the Government without giving it ample supervision, and, if it chose, a paramount influence in the operations of the College." Till 1871-1872 some of these members of the Government are named in the Calendar as members of the Board and Senate. Notwithstanding this protection to the public interests, the Legislature overwhelmingly voted to cut off these grants. The motives back of this move of the Legislature were doubtless varied, but the following statements, made in a debate in the Legislative Assembly, December 2, 1868, might lead one to doubt the kindness of their spokesmen towards denominational Colleges: "Make money grants (to denominational Colleges) conditional upon affiliation, and you will at once succeed (in bringing them in)." "Odiousness attached to denominational grants." "If the six

graduating bodies (other than the University of Toronto) were blotted out of existence (as graduating bodies), it would be a great boon to the cause of higher education." That the move was a wise and patriotic one on the part of the Government, and that the outside Colleges have been the gainers eventually, cannot now be doubted. Victoria, for instance, since getting rid of governmental aid and depending wholly on her natural friends and supporters, has made steady progress in equipment, staff, endowment and buildings. When this policy was entered upon by the Government after much discussion in 1868, and was confirmed virtually by the Federation Act, 1887, and succeeding similar Acts, the wonder naturally comes to one's mind why the late Government and the present one have gone back to the old policy of grants to denominational Colleges. It is to be hoped that educational policy and not stress of party warfare caused this reversion.

The old discussion of increased financial support for the University, and the claims of the outside Colleges upon the funds of the State for aid, brought the confederation movement and its results advantageous to all interested. That matter is too large for this article, and so must be left to abler pens and better equipped historians.

With now more than seventy years of honorable service behind her, and with prospects that seem to promise a much wider field of service in the future, why should not Victoria students and graduates feel proud and confident? *Conscientia facti satis est.*

The Faculty of Theology

J. F. M'LAUGHLIN, B.A., B.D.



PREVIOUS to 1871 Victoria University had no Faculty of Theology, but many students in preparation for the ministry had received instruction in the Arts course, taking their Theological studies elsewhere. Biblical History, Biblical Greek and Hebrew, Ethics, and Christian Evidences, formed a part of the Arts curriculum. For the special advantage of candidates for the Methodist ministry, classes were formed in



CONFERENCE THEOLOGY CLASS EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

C. W. DOWN,
Association Capt.

H. S. LOVING,
Rugby Capt.

G. H. PURCHASE,
Baseball Capt.

H. WILLIAMS,
Tennis Capt.

R. R. NICHOLSON,
Treas.

W. WHITEHEAD,
Leader Mission Study.

A. L. BIGGS,
Sec.

A. J. GUINBLACK,
Pres.

REV. J. W. GRAHAM, B.A.,
Hon. Pres.

P. BYRCE,
Vice-Treas.

T. MCKAY,
Allen Capt.

Wesley's Sermons and Watson's Institutes, and occasional classes also in Homiletics and Church Discipline.

In 1871 the Faculty of Theology was established largely as the result of the generous gifts made for that purpose by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson, whose memory is gratefully cherished in our halls. The Rev. N. Burwash, B.D., our present Chancellor, was made Dean and Professor of Biblical Literature and Theology. Associated with him were Rev. Chancellor Nelles; John Wilson, M.A., and Rev. A. H. Reynar, M.A. Dr. Burwash was formerly Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the Faculty of Arts, and he continued for some years to occupy the dual position, giving instruction in Hebrew and Aramaic, Old and New Testament Exegesis, and Systematic Theology, in addition to his lectures in Natural Science. The other professors also held positions in the Faculty of Arts, yet they cheerfully undertook the additional labour now imposed upon them.

From the beginning a broad curriculum was framed, in which Biblical studies had a central and important place, and a high standard of excellence was sought. A course of four years was offered in Arts and Theology, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. This, however, was replaced in 1874 by a course similar to that now provided, requiring three years' study in Theology, at least two years of which must be taken after graduation in Arts. Instruction was also given in the subjects of the ordinary course prescribed for probationers. Then, as now, the close association of students in Arts and Theology, due to the intimate relationship of the two Faculties, was regarded as of the highest value in promoting a broad and truly Christian culture.

In the first year twenty-five students were enrolled in Theology. In 1874 the first class graduated, and the degree of B.D. was bestowed upon three candidates—Hugh Johnston, M.A.; J. R. Ross, M.A., and A. L. Russell, M.A.

In 1883 Rev. G. C. Workman, M.A., became Adjunct Professor in Theology, and in 1885 he was made Professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature, which position he held until his resignation in 1892. In 1884, upon the union of Albert College with Victoria, Rev. Dr. Badgley, formerly professor at Albert College, became Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Adjunct Professor in Theology. He continued a

highly esteemed member of the Faculty of Theology until his death, in 1905.

In 1887 Rev. Dr. Burwash became Chancellor of the University. In the same year Rev. F. H. Wallace, M.A., was made Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Literature, and subsequently Secretary of the Faculty. Upon the removal of the University to Toronto the Faculty was enlarged. The Rev. John Burwash, M.A., D.Sc., became Professor of Homiletics and English Bible, and Professor Wallace was made Dean. Dr. Wallace, who is a graduate of the University of Toronto, brought to his new position not only a fine reputation for exact scholarship, which he has amply sustained, but also a practical knowledge of the work of the ministry drawn from his previous experience as pastor of several of the most important churches in Ontario Methodism. The number of students enrolled this year in Theology, and under his care, is upwards of one hundred and fifty, in marked contrast to the small group of twenty-five which formed the first class thirty-six years ago.

In 1906 Rev. Dr. Blewett was appointed Professor of Ethics and Apologetics, in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Badgley, and Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. The present staff consists, therefore, of seven professors.

I cannot conclude this brief sketch without paying a warm tribute of respect and admiration to the four men to whose faith and courage the establishment of this Faculty was due. Two of those men are still with us, occupying honored places in the College and in the Church—the Chancellor and the Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

The University To-day---Its Progress and Its Problems

J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.



AN English writer, describing the Universities of Canada, has recently spoken of Toronto as "a group of Colleges founded by religious bodies in violent and bitter opposition to each other," but determined now "to repress these differences for the sake of the common good." Is it the whole truth, however,

to suggest that while the wound may have healed, a scar permanently remains? That, do what we will now, our University can never be so good as it might be, had Victoria and Trinity never had a separate existence? Or (to put the question in another form), now that sectarian strife in University matters has abated, is it at best only sentiment and loyalty to an honorable past that still keep Victoria and Trinity from complete absorption into the State University? Can their continued existence be justified, or is this simply a persisting and betraying scar?

Now, there seems good reason to believe that in this case, as often elsewhere, what has seemed to be evil has been overruled for good; that here, too, the wrath of man has been made to become praise and blessing. Two positive benefits, it may fairly be argued, have resulted from the long-drawn controversies of the last century. In the first place, perhaps no other part of our English-speaking world has so thorough an understanding of the conditions under which, in educational matters, Church and State may with advantage co-operate or supplement each other's proper work, while at the same time a solid basis of mutual respect and efficient co-operation has been laid between the various denominations, which has gone far to creating an atmosphere in which church union does not seem a mere Utopian dream.

And in the second place, it is doubtful if a happier constitution could have been devised by the united wisdom of those last-century antagonists, than accident or Providence has given us in our commingled University and College system. It is a commonplace that the constitutions which work best and last longest are not usually those framed by rule on even the profoundest of *a priori* theories, but those which have been shaped in the workshop of experience. Like the British Constitution they may lack symmetry and may even be demonstrably illogical but they work well, they fit the case. So our present University constitution may be complicated and anomalous, without being necessarily inferior to a more symmetrical and simple organization. In fact, so far is the existence of three separate Colleges, each with its tradition and its tone, from being a defect in our present system, that it is rather a question whether the Uni-



ROBERT ALEXANDER FALCONER, Litt.D., LL.D., D.D.
President of the University of Toronto.

versity would not gain by having even more Colleges. For it is beginning to be realized that University College has grown too bulky and unwieldy for its members to secure to the full the many-sided benefits of student life. And it may safely be predicted that one of the changes time will bring about in the not far distant future will be the replacing of the present single State College by two smaller State Colleges. May it not be that Victoria, too, which was planned for about three hundred students, has reached the limit of profitable growth in point of numbers? We might do with better students (as we might do more for them); do we really want more students? Whatever be the shortcomings of Oxford, no one would seek to change its system of Colleges, and only one of these, it is well to remember, has as many students as Victoria.

This consideration is emphasized when we turn to present-day problems in the higher educational institutions of the United States. Repeatedly of late the unwieldiness of the huge Universities there has caused uneasiness. It is argued in many quarters that it is better for the average student to go to such small but efficient Colleges as Amherst, Brown, or Williams, than to the great Universities like Harvard, Columbia or Chicago. And in not a few of these large Universities, movements have either been instituted or are under consideration for breaking up the huge and unwieldy student mass into smaller groups for the better realizing of the aims of a University. In no case, however, so far as at present appears, is so happy a form of subdivision likely to be planned as has come to Toronto out of the turmoil and dissensions of fifty years ago.

The present generation of students scarcely realizes how rapid has been the growth of the University in recent years. Twenty-five years ago, when the present writer was an undergraduate in University College, of all the buildings which now throng the Queen's Park between College and Bloor streets, and between the residences on St. George street and those on the east side of the Park, there were then only three in existence—the Main Building, the Observatory, and the north wing of the School of Practical Science. The staff numbered about thirteen; English and History being covered by one man, who was also President (Dr., later Sir Daniel Wilson), the Natural

Sciences by three, Mathematics and Physics by two, Classics by two, Moderns by three, Orientals by one, Philosophy by one. Political Science, like Household Science, had not yet emerged. The number of Arts students in the University was slightly less than Victoria alone now has, and women students, who now form about one-third of the enrolment in Arts, were then unknown. Victoria was in Cobourg, with an attendance of about one hundred and twenty-five, a graduating class of twelve, and a staff of seven.

The advance has not been confined to the number of students, staff and buildings. The income has grown handsomely, in Victoria through the generosity of such friends as Wm. Gooderham, George A. Cox, Hart A. Massey, W. E. H. Massey, J. W. Flavelle, and others; in the ease of the University, through the change from an unsympathetic to a sympathetic Provincial Government. New faculties have been added from time to time, so that now the University grants degrees (and either directly or through its affiliated institutions gives instruction) in Arts, Law, Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Agriculture, Music, Forestry, and Education. In the Arts Faculty, moreover, which must always remain the central faculty of a University, not merely have new departments been established, but in the older and time-honored branches of study great changes are evident in methods and in aims. The most notable change is naturally in the various departments of Science (both pure and applied). Indeed, it is chiefly to the enormous demands for the building, equipment and manning of Science laboratories that the greatly enhanced cost of University work to-day is due.

Along with all these indications of a rapid development that has put the University of Toronto among the great Universities of America, there have naturally appeared problems that call for careful handling, and dangers or temptations against which the University must sedulously be on its guard. We have a new constitution; will it work well? For one thing, it has removed the University out of Provincial politics for the first time in its long history; it is devoutly to be hoped that both the Government and the Opposition will be content to leave it there. For the first time, too, the teaching staff has been given the place

it deserves in the management of the academical side of University business; it is highly desirable that neither the Board of Governors nor the President shall interfere with the carrying out of this wise provision. The new constitution has also apparently given the quietus to the fast-vanishing friction between the Arts Colleges, due chiefly to reluctance to accept, or inability to understand, the principle of a federation of Arts Colleges side by side with University College. Of this friction, no true friend of the University desires to see any recrudescence.

We have a new President also, whose choice, we all hope, will be fully justified by the way in which he will deal with the many problems that from time to time will face him—problems connected with student discipline, with the selection of new members of the staff, and the elimination of any inefficiency that may at any time exist, as well as with the wider aspects of University policy and administration. To the President chiefly one looks also for the solution of three problems of grave importance: how to create the right tone among the students of the University, so that the hall-mark "Torontonensis" shall have both distinctiveness and distinction; how to bring students and faculty into the most helpful intimacy; and how to influence the public opinion of the Province so that in educational affairs sound-mindedness and sympathy may greatly increase.

Other problems looming up are the right ordering of the University's system of tests and examinations; the question of co-education, which is too recent a problem for us to be sure the right solution has yet been found; and, more important still, such a development of post-graduate work that the long established and well-earned reputation of Toronto for the high quality of its undergraduate work may not be sullied by a cheap and inadequate course for the Doctor of Philosophy degree.

The University, finally, is busily occupied at present with the erection and planning of new buildings, and Victoria, too, is engaged with her new Library and the desiderated Men's Residence. It is most important, however, to realize that bricks and mortar never yet made a University. The real University is constituted of teachers and students, and any policy is short-sighted and ineffectual that subordinates brains to bricks. A staff that is undermanned or underpaid is proportionately ineffi-

cient and uneconomical. And a policy which, for the sake of increased numbers and increased fees, admits inadequately prepared students, or fails to discipline the indolent and dismiss the incorrigible, is a policy of injustice, first and foremost to the staff and the better students, but also to these defective students themselves, to their parents, and to the country at large.

College Societies and Activities

BY GRADUATES OF '05.



THE surpassing beauties of the lovely valley through which we journeyed, although dimmed into our ears by well-informed guides, were not sufficiently appreciated, because our attention was more directed toward the objective point we were striving to reach. Only after arriving at our destination and looking back over the route, were we able to see and remember the fulness of what we had enjoyed and gained. The value of College societies was probably not realized during the busy days when we were a part of them, but the retrospect is a revelation. What do we now see the student organizations to be? A definite and permanent factor in the culture work of the University.

In a recent talk to the University Women's Club, President Falconer emphasized the difference between education and the acquirement of information, and made a plea for a fuller recognition of the superior value of the former. In the same address was asserted the desirability of a graduate's devoting some time to the line of study in which he had specialized, and some time to desultory reading. May not this authoritative utterance be taken as a good word for that feature of our College life which did so much for the "drawing out" of what was in us, and which was also sufficiently desultory for all practical purposes.

Certainly Victoria student-organizations are more educative than informing. The impression that acquirement of facts is education results from premonitions of examination perils and satisfaction with mere examination standing. It is a work of charity to deliver the victim of this impression, even temporarily, from the hunted, haunted feeling that he must absorb,

imbibe or engorge as much as possible. The society meetings drag the student from beneath the incubus of the examination-danger nightmare, and away from the contemplation of the greatness of examination success. From the glorious company of the ghosts of Alumni and Jackson Halls the examination obsession is excluded.

Moreover, the societies have a positive educative value. Education seems such a formidable thing since the Faculty thereof has come amongst us. It used to fit snugly into a triangular mould whose sides were knowing, feeling, and doing; now it seems to have more an all-round character. To prove, therefore, that what we claim for the societies may be defined as education, would be a heavy task. The meetings of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and of the Literary and Scientific Societies, provided a field for varied training. The religious meetings not only inspired and impelled us to seek the best in life, but were instructive in the great realities of Christian truth, in the practical needs of missionary effort, in methods of religious and benevolent work. In these gatherings we learned to really know our College friends, for we were allowed to catch glimpses of the gleams they were following. What these soul-linkings meant and mean to us will not be known till the last success or failure is recorded. In the Literary Society (I speak of the Women's Literary, and the same is doubtless true of the Men's), we learned something of speaking, listening, replying, and of methods of business procedure, which are useful to some of us every day of our lives. Where else would we have had this indispensable training? It is not in the curriculum—for Moderns, at least. Then there was the apprehension of what organization is in work, the discernment of what is duty and what is unequalled for in the sharing of responsibility—good discipline for service in a Dominion or University Senate or in the kitchen. The work was not of universal importance, perhaps; there were many mistakes, and we were just beginning to see how and what to do when we were ordered out into the field of action with a label that was wrongly interpreted as a certificate of competency. If some of the mistakes had not been made, and been corrected by a sympathetic Critic, imagine how much worse would be our frequent blundering. How splendid those little Critics were: they were so

often small bodies. And the Critic's table was small, too; perhaps that is why the rebukes did not hurt so much as do others, later and less candid.

I find I have lapsed into the past tense, the weakness of an



ALUMNI HALL.

ancient. The societies are still performing their important function as one of the truly educative features of University life.

With reference to the other point of the President's address, a graduate's reading, may we not ask, is not the Literary Society a good starting point for a following of that advice? The lit-

erary and musical programme frequently calls upon the individual for something from the work in which he is most at home, and the society at large has interest created in various topics which will be further explored in later desultory reading. I wonder how many years it takes for a graduate to exhaust the reading courses planned, as a result of specially interesting meetings in Alumni Hall!

Let us rightly value the unselfishness through which these benefits are secured. It is not with the object of personal advantage that the student attends religious and literary meetings and takes part in them. He does not realize that when he is giving his time and interest and work for an organization he is doing the best thing for himself; he does it for "College spirit," for loyalty to the organization, to oblige somebody. But in this lies, probably, the highest value of the effort. This phase of College life is unselfish, and is thus the character-building which constitutes true education. May the College societies at Victoria be as helpful and inspiring in the future as they have been in the past!

"The future moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That makes the old time splendid."



Although athletics at Victoria was usually provocative of discussion and debate, yet I remember there was one point on which most of us were agreed, that in the athletic world we counted but for little, and even the most hopeless "bookworm" was confident that "something ought to be done" to improve our standing on the campus. We could point to but few trophies of our prowess on the field; our teams were not often found in the "finals," and altogether we were, in an athletic sense, "in a bad way."

And yet, looking back from my vantage ground as a graduate, I, for one, am not so sure that athletics (at Victoria) was not serving its purpose and serving it effectually. Of course, in this matter a man's judgment will depend largely upon his theory of the relation which athletics should bear to the rest of College life. If it is accepted that men attend College primarily to develop brawn and muscle, and only incidentally to attend to the intellectual, then we were indeed without hope; but if—and this is

now generally accepted in theory at least—it is the first aim of every College to develop in men the power of wholesome thinking, then we were not so low in the scale as some among us thought.

Professionalism, neither of money nor of method, had any foothold in Victoria. No “husky” young fellow could be carried through his academic course on the strength of his athletic prowess, accumulating money as he went, and then find some choice instructorship awaiting him in a preparatory school, where he in turn would train up other “husky” young fellows to come to College and do as he had done, thus completing “the vicious



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO—MAIN BUILDING.

circle.” That was a foreign type, and had no thriving among us.

The old classical motto, “mens sana in sano corpore,” was the ideal of the College, and its realization was sought in many ways. By variety in the forms of exercise, men were encouraged to take part, and the frequent contests between the various years and classes demanded that nearly every man at some time in his course should uphold some corporate “honor” on the field. There was indeed room for improvement, but speaking impartially, athletics then, as, I believe, now, was in the truest sense of the term in a comparatively wholesome condition.

Then, too, Victoria was always strong in emphasizing the importance of the religious side of a man’s life—something that

was to be expected from the presence within her walls of a strong and virile Faculty of Theology.

Let me say here, however, as an aside, and at the risk of being thought tiresome, that Victoria University is not a "Theological College." It were just as apt to call the Provincial University a "Medical School." And yet this designation, false and misleading, exists in minds otherwise well-informed, sometimes within the very walls of the College itself. Early in the present term one of the Professors in the Theological Faculty called the attention of his class to the fact that a leading newspaper of Ontario had referred to Victoria, with her registration of nearly 500, as "one of the leading Theological Colleges in America." To his utter amazement this misleading statement was heartily applauded. "The Arts men wouldn't applaud that," was his only comment, and the lecture immediately began.

The presence of this Faculty made itself felt in many ways, and the religious life was always most active. In this sphere the Y. M. C. A. was the most powerful factor, and Jackson Hall stands associated with precious memories—memories that do not easily fade, for it was good to meet each Wednesday afternoon and consider together the deep things of life. Nor was the Y. M. C. A. alone in this high ministry. The Missionary Society, the University and College Sermons, the Evangelistic Bands, and the practical work in the needy parts of the city, were all formative elements in the composite religious life of the College.

What impressed me more, however, at the time, and even now, remains deeply imbedded in my memory, was the general atmosphere of the College—a certain indefinable aether, as it were, which one could never crystallize and say, "lo, here" and "lo, there," but which produced a total impression as strong and effective as it was hard to analyze. Coupled with a high moral tone was a readiness to oblige, a willingness to assume one's share of work, and a quiet unselfishness which was fine air to the man who had but newly come, and it was not long before he would swing into line and begin in earnest the upward march.

Such are my strongest impressions of the athletic and religious activities at Victoria University as they were a few years ago, and I have no doubt that they are substantially the same to-day, doing in a quiet, unostentatious way the transforming work they have so long performed.

The Hoosier Poet



WHILE America looms large on the world's horizon, and year by year increases in prestige and power, it has as yet done little to add to the world's literary wealth. The genius of the American people is pre-eminently materialistic; they are too near their work, too feverishly interested in the fight for the dollar, to be able to put the aesthetic side of life in proper perspective. Whether this be the cause or no, the fact remains that America has given to the world no great poets. Yet beneath all their utilitarianism and materialism there lies the primal hunger for romance and sentiment.

" His hands are black with blood, his heart
Leaps like a babe at little things."

In response to this demand there has arisen a long list of minor poets, who have gone straight to the hearts of the American nation, taking its common things, its every-day scenes, its childhood and youth, and painting them in vital passionate colors. This it is that has given these minor poets such a hold on their countrymen. They speak of the romance of youth, of boyhood friends, and scenes of the past. Few men are impervious to the glamour of this far country, for all men were born there, and it is well for some to sing of home.

It is to James Whitcomb Riley, perhaps the most original and gifted of the group, that we wish to draw special attention. His early life was not uneventful. Following his very meagre schooling came several years in which he was by turns a sign-painter, cobbler of plays for a theatrical troupe, peddler of patent medicines, and journalist. During these years efforts to get his verse published met with but little success. Such work as did appear was mercilessly slated by the critics, who as a body seemed to be in arms against this sign-painter from a back country State, who thought he could outrage every tenet of their craft with impunity. In a fit of pique, to even up with one especially attentive and venomous critic, Riley wrote *Leonainic*, a poem in imitation of Poe, and published, ostensibly as the work of that eccentric genius. To his immense enjoyment, it was loudly praised by all those who had so persistently discouraged him. But hardly had he ceased smiling over the success of his plot

when such a storm of abuse arose on account of the plagiarism as almost to swamp his little craft.

However, in literature, as in many another walk of life, it is at least *more profitable* to be "infamous than not famous at all," and so in 1875, in the hey-day of his youth, he found that the public had begun to take an interest in that much-advertised young scoundrel, who could write verses near enough to the style of Poe to befool even the most competent critics. Soon curiosity deepened into appreciation, and appreciation into love.

Riley is professedly a home-keeping, home-loving poet: he draws his inspiration from the old home folks, the common sights and sounds, and he handles his themes in a way distinctly his own. His forms of verse were native with him, and of the simplest kind. All he strives for is sincerity:

"To paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are."

"Most of the Americans," he says, "are so afraid of being found lacking in scholarship that they've allowed themselves to be found lacking in creative work. They've been so very correct that they've imitated."

Riley had no patience with the pedant or the *poseur*, and is forever bursting out into tirades against them:

"Tell of the things just like they wuz,
They don't need no excuse,
Don't tetch 'em up as the poets does
Till they're all too fine for use."

And again: "I'm against the fellows who celebrate the old to the neglect of their own kith and kin, so I was always trying to write of the people I knew, and especially to write verses that I could read just as though they were being spoken for the first time." "I don't believe in dressing up Nature—Nature is good enough for God, and it's good enough for me." Throughout he was voicing the love that was in his heart for every living thing, and trying to make it real to others as it was to him. As he whimsically says: "I'm only the 'willer' through which the whistle comes." Riley knew intimately that of which he wrote; he was a keen observer and indefatigable in seeing that he made no mistake. Once a farmer's boy took him to task for the way he had represented a rooster as crowing in one of his poems: "You are right, my boy," Riley remarked, after some thought, "and no rooster of mine shall crow like that again."

Like Burns, Riley was a lover of the human and the simple, a lover of green fields and blowing flowers, and like Burns, he was far more at home, more easy and felicitous, in his native dialect than in the finer forms of verse. For he was using the medium he knew, and speaking of that which was his life.

There is a rhythm and melody about the poems of Riley that is most intoxicating. The forms are not lyrical, and yet there is a swing, a verve, a thrill about them that sets one's blood dancing.

“ Oh the days gone by ! oh the days gone by !
The music of the laughing lips, the lustre of the eye ;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring—
The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by.”

With this lyric touch there is another part of the more mechanical work of his art—his extreme sensitiveness to impressions and his manner of crystalizing them into art; the power of ease of language, of making the word fit his subject. Bliss Carman says of this: “He has the power of making his most casual word seem inevitable, and his most inevitable word seem casual.”

Riley's poetry is absolutely free from the unhappy spirit of the age. Here is one who dares in the teeth of the times to look up and laugh the phantoms of doubt, dejection, cynicism and sensuality out of his world. He is full of the sweetest vitality and soundest merriment, the robust, hearty gaiety of artlessness and youth. Some may cavil and say that his humor is mere foolishness; let them howl! “Anyone can make the people cry,” said a great actress; “but it takes a genius to make them laugh.” Who dares jeer at a man who dons the motley that a tired world might laugh? For many a man has served God well in cap and bells.

But it is no far cry from laughter to tears, and so we would turn to his more serious poems. Here are some of his verses that give one a strange thrill, a catching at the heart-strings. They are so very human, so very near to the life of us all, so filled with the little heartbreaking tragedies of our daily lives. There is a piercing pathos about this little poem, *Our Own*, that is hard to describe:



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

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|---|---|--|--|--|--|
| Miss H. C. Parlow, '08,
<i>Con. Program Com.</i> | Miss E. L. Hibbard, '08,
<i>Con. Membership Com.</i> | Miss J. L. Keagey, '11,
<i>Pionist.</i> | Miss M. S. McDonald, '08,
<i>Cor. Sec. for Y. W. of Canada.</i> | Miss H. L. Pined, '08,
<i>Con. Mission Study Com.</i> | Miss E. A. Laird, '08,
<i>Con. Bible Study Com.</i> |
| Miss M. H. Stevens, '09,
<i>Con. Room Com.</i> | Miss S. A. Smith, '09,
<i>Secretary.</i> | Miss C. E. Hewitt, '09,
<i>Tre. Pres.</i> | Mrs. Langford,
<i>Hon. Pres.</i> | Miss F. C. Jamieson, '08,
<i>Con. Extension Com.</i> | Miss G. E. Brewster, '10,
<i>Treasurer.</i> |

“ They walk here with us hand-in hand ;
 We gossip, knee-by-knee ;
 They te'l us all that they have planned
 Of all their joys to be,—
 And, laughing, leave us ; and to-day,
 All desolate we cry
 Across wide waves of voiceless graves
 Good-bye ! good-bye ! good-bye ! ”

Or who can fail to be moved by the quiet charm of “ *Little David* ”—

“ The mother of the little boy that sleeps
 Has blest assurance, even as she weeps :
 She knows her little boy has now no pain
 No further ache, in body, heart or brain :
 All sorrow is lulled for him—all distress
 Passed into utter peace and restfulness
 All health that heretofore has been denied—
 All happiness, all hope, and all beside
 Of childish longing, now he clasps and keeps
 In voiceless joy—the little boy that sleeps ’

Those of you who are familiar with the poetry of Charles Kingsley will find a joy in the work of him of whom we speak, not that they are alike in outward form, for they are not. But there is a certain softness, a something indescribable that marks them both. Perhaps it is that simplicity derived from the love of children that formed such a large part of the life of each. The soothing, crooning melody of the guttural sounds, and the soft music of the words—

“ Out of the hitherwhere unto the Yon ’
 Stay the hopes we are leaning on—
 You, Divine, with your merciful eyes
 Looking down from the far-away skies,
 Smile upon us, and reach and take
 Our worn souls Home for the old home’s sake
 And so amen,— for all seems gone
 Out of the hitherwhere into the Yon.”

So while we in these modern times turn wearily from the wild passions and sensuality of a Swinburne and the artificial nothings of Alfred Austin, we can forget it all for a moment, and love and laugh with the people’s poet. He who has sent his message of good cheer ringing out amid the turmoil of our restless lives, to leave the world

“ The better for the sweetness of his song.”

J. L. R., '07.

The Lure of Little Voices

R. W. SERVICE.

THERE'S a cry from out the Loneliness—Oh listen, Honey, listen !
 Do you hear it, do you fear it, you're a-holding of me so ?
 You're a-sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your lashes how they glisten—
 Do you hear the Little Voices, all a-begging me to go ?

All a-begging me to leave you. Day and night they're pleading, praying ;
 On the North-wind, on the West-wind, from the peak and from the plain.
 Night and day they never leave me ; do you know what they are saying ?
 “ He was ours before you got him, and we want him once again.”

Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the awful lonely places ;
 They're whining and they're whimpering as if each had a soul ;
 They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and god-like spaces,
 The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the pole.

They miss my little camp-fires ever brightly, bravely gleaming
 In the womb of desolation, where was never man before ;
 As comradeless I sought them, lion hearted, loving, dreaming,
 And they hailed me as a comrade, and they loved me evermore.

And now they're all a crying, and it's no use me denying
 The spell of them is on me and I'm helpless as a child.
 My heart is aching, aching, but I hear them sleeping, waking,
 It's the Lure of Little Voices, it's the mandate of the Wild.

I'm afraid to tell you, Honey, I can take no bitter leaving ;
 But softly in the sleep-tide from your love I'll steal away.
 Oh its cruel, dearie, cruel, and it's God knows how I'm grieving,
 But His Loneliness is calling, and He knows I must obey.

—From “*Songs of a Sourdough*.”

Victoria Regina

KATHERINE HALE.



HAVE always said that my cousin, Victoria Greene, could write as thrilling a Christmas story as any journal ever published, if she only would. For it is all so true—so dramatic; and those two qualities do not often combine. It was the realization of a veritable fairy dream that we two should come to be adrift on the little lake of Como last December, and that Fate should take us both in hand—especially Victoria—and send us to the gates of Rome on that particular Christmas Eve.

But Victoria is strangely modest of late, and seems to want me to write about it, instead of giving you an opportunity to admire her own original style.

The story really began much nearer home than Bellaggio, on whose rosy steep we came face to face with Maurice. It began right here in Toronto, for, as Professor Raymond always said, "Character makes circumstance."

And certainly Victoria has character.

She is my first cousin, is just my age, and looks and sounds exactly like her name. When Victoria makes up her mind to anything, no matter what, that thing is already *un fait accompli*.

Now, it had always been the ambition of both of us to spend Christmas in Rome,—but especially the ambition of Victoria. When we were both sixteen, in a private letter to be opened when we came of age, she had written:

"Although at the age of sixteen we are now no longer children, much may be accomplished in five years. For myself, I hope that by the time I am twenty-one I shall have mastered the pipe organ, visited St. Peter's Cathedral on Christmas Day, and given to the world at least one good book."

We had surreptitiously opened this letter last summer, a year before the time, and here was Victoria, a month before her birthday, with not one of the three conditions fulfilled.

True, she had sought to master the pipe organ, and had taken lessons for two years from Mr. Stickney, a very thin and

proper young man (whom really no girl *could* like), and at the end Mr. Stickney said that Victoria had "encouraged" him by letting him go skating with her, etc., and he was most unhappy. So was Victoria. She doesn't mean to encourage people, and just because her eyes sometimes contradict her manner I am sure there is no occasion for certain people to be so stupid. Aunt Alice was very much annoyed, however, and it simply knocked all organ playing on the head.

I must confess that the book didn't go much better. Victoria should have been able to do more with her subject. At our age one knows a good deal of life, and in the affair with Mr. Stickney, Victoria had just added that touch of "the bitter-sweet of romance," as Professor Kingston puts it (he gave us lectures on Browning), which seems to draw away the veil from the inner meaning of life. Divorce was Victoria's theme in the story which she offered to the Syndicate Publishing Company. She gave what I consider one of the most thrilling exposes of certain phases of "our modern fevered existence," to quote her own words, that I have ever experienced. I use the word "experienced" rather than merely "read." And she took it herself to the Syndicate. She had met Mr. Morton, who was the leading Reader for the company, and has published several books himself, and as she had been rather nice to him at dinners and dances once or twice, she felt that there was a pretty good chance.

So, as I say, she took her MSS. herself, and, looking perfectly ducky in a new grey suit and huge bunch of violets, went to see this Mr. Morton.

He was very busy, but made the time for her, and she dashed right into the denouement of the story, reading him the chapter where Mrs. Ebbsmith, falling in love for the second time with her divorced husband, makes her strong appeal to his young wife—who is also divorced.

And—I can hardly write it—when she looked up, this Mr. Morton was laughing—laughing!

"Almost audibly," Victoria said.

There was no scene at all. Victoria is too much of a lady. But I can fancy how her eyes flashed. She simply rolled up her MSS., drew her furs haughtily about her (an elegant new grey

fox stole), and left the room. Her violets, she told me afterwards, had fallen at her feet unheeded, and she did not even stoop to pick them up.

The next day she received a long letter from Mr. Morton, telling her how much her friendship had meant to him, and that he wished she would talk over her literary plans with him at length, and would she appoint a time?

But Victoria was too hurt (they really had known each other quite well); she simply ignored the letter, and the very next month the unexpected happened, and we sailed for England.

"At any rate," said my cousin, "if the Fates do combine to prevent my playing the organ and expressing myself in this story, which I still believe, shall always believe, is the Utmost Me up to the present, they shall not stay my visit to Rome. Dorothy," she said, "London is only the first step."

But no sooner were we settled in England than Aunt Alice got bronchitis most fearfully. The doctors said the climate would certainly kill her, slowly but surely, so she had to return to Canada by the next steamer, after promising to leave us in England for a month. Rome, she said, was out of the question, unchaperoned as we were.

And alone in London we stayed, under the eagle eye of Miss Mifflin, who kept the pension, to await the coming of the Gregory-Smiths of Ottawa—unbearable people, whom Aunt Alice loves. "We shall leave for Italy this month, my dear," said my cousin.

"Oh, Victoria," I answered; "however will you manage it?"

With Victoria nothing is impossible. Our letter of credit was large, and we soon located Cook's and looked up maps and tickets. Only one stone remained unturned. We could not go without a chaperone; to that fact even emancipated Victoria bowed. We confided the situation to the clerk, who was most sympathetic and helpful. "Nothing easier, young ladies," he said; "middle-aged persons with first-class letters are always leaving cards with us. I have in mind at present a Scotch lady, Miss Annabel MacKay, she was here only to-day. If you give me your address, she will call."

Miss MacKay called, she was middle-aged and respectable. We engaged her on the spot, and Victoria cabled immediately to Aunt Alice, "Rome, excellent chaperon, cable yes."

Two days later the answer came: "Yes, be careful."

The next week we left London, three days later we left Paris, and after an icy rush through Switzerland, came down the greening mountains, came past the first white houses, saw the blue and grey olive groves, and emerged into Italy.

And that is how we three sat upon the deck of "La Bella," the tiny, tiny steamer, and moved—enchanted voyagers—up the mystic lakes on that December morning.

Oh, it was a dream; it was the poetry, the youth of one's whole life speaking in the magic mirror of that little lake.

This was two weeks before Christmas, and an off-season at Como. No tourists, except one commercial traveller, with whom Miss MacKay conversed. She always conversed with anyone she could find. It was Sunday morning, the air was like September in Canada, the lake like glass, set deep in the enfolding hills. And the hills were violet and green, all capped with snow. The tiny villages along the shore were intoxicatingly like our dreams of Italy, and they were so near together that the chime from one church had not ended before we heard the next.

We decided to spend the morning at Bellaggio, and so we stopped there, and peered along the arcades of the dear old town and slowly mounted the steep and winding path to the Villa Serbelloni, on the height above.

"The Villa Serbelloni is one of the most famous of all Italian hotels," said Miss MacKay, just like a guide book.

"Good morning, Pliny," said Victoria.

That was just the difference. She had been thinking all morning of the glorious past of Italy, and we had been talking of this famous promontory, which is supposed to have been the site of Pliny's Villa of Tragedy.

We went up and up, and with us seemed to climb an eternal company of roses; roses of every hue and kind and perfume in the world. They trailed the old stone walls and urged us on and on, until, leaving the big hotel behind, we climbed at last to the highest nook of all, on the very brink of a crag, with the meeting place of the water far below.

Down we went on the grass, Victoria and I, silent in the utter contentment of it all. Above we could see the pure sap-

phire sky; below, through fairy meshes of the leaves, the sapphire lake. And the branches swayed in the breeze.

Our thoughts went back and back to the days, in the middle ages, when the Romans fought some of their bloodiest battles in this lovely place. Then, nearer our own time, when in the seventeenth century, gentlemen and artists—Arcadians of Rome—used to come here to read their Sonnets and Epigrams on mid-winter mornings such as this.

“Pliny’s little rose of Como,” murmured a lazy voice nearby.

With a start, we all three turned to where, half hidden in the grass, lay a grey-coated Tourist—evidently talking to himself.

Victoria’s eyebrows went up; but we pretended we hadn’t heard.

“How exquisite are those purple hills,” said my cousin, addressing me pointedly, “they are like no other in the world.”

“This one reminds me of the mountain at Hamilton,” returned the tourist, pointing.

We stared, first at one another and then at him. He turned abruptly. And there stood Victoria’s publisher.

“Miss Greene, I am more than glad to see you,” said he, advancing.

“I am more than surprised to see you,” she returned.

“I’m supposed to be getting material for an Italian story,” he ventured.

“I travel upon the same quest.”

“Ah, but you are probably going farther,” he rejoined. “You take your work more seriously than I do. I’m after very silly stuff myself, the merest trifles, light as air. Only thing I’ve got the head for. Been wondering why on earth those old duffers ever came here to write Sonnets; the roses are enough for me, and the clouds, and that fine old lake below.”

There was nothing for it but general introductions, which Victoria gave very stiffly, in a way that reminds me exactly of Aunt Alice on occasions. But the air was so lovely, the day so young, that we, even we who felt years and years older than silly Miss MacKay, and Mr. Morton, who turned everything into a joke, could not help being as frivolous as the little baby roses that

seemed to ripple and twine all over everything. They got into our hair, and we let them stay there, and Mr. Morton said that he felt like old Pliny when he invoked Sylvanus, reposing on the grass beside the fountain and listening to the birds.

We stayed in our grassy nook for a long time, and then we went to the big veranda of the hotel and had a most delicious lunch, and Mr. Morton told us that the ugly lady at the table next us, with the red hair and wrinkled face, was a Grand Duchess travelling incognito.

He really was very interesting, and I could see that even Victoria warmed to him a little during the day, although her eyes still took on that rather haughty stare that seems to say, "Thus far shalt thou go" to anyone whom she really wants to snub.

Of course, we did not tell him our plans, but Victoria admitted that she had a "pressing engagement" to meet in Rome on Christmas Day. "An important step in my literary career," she said.

And Mr. Morton bowed his head in silence.

(I should say at this point that his first name is Maurice, and Victoria wishes me to bring it in as much as possible, though I really seem to get very little chance.)

After a while we looked at our watches and gazed down through the network of foliage at the lake and the little boats with their brown sails set, and we knew it was time to catch our prosaic steamer.

Victoria extended her hand to Maurice Morton gravely; and yet—dramatically.

"May I know anything of your future movements?" he said, "of your address in Rome?"

"I shall be too busy," said my capricious cousin.

"Then I am not forgiven."

"Why should you be?" she replied.

I called Miss MacKay's attention to a brown bambino on its mother's back. I wanted to give them a chance.

But Victoria's voice came decisively: "I can give you no address, but at high noon on Christmas Day we shall be in the Square before St. Peter's at Rome."



GLEE CLUB, 1907-1908.

T. R. Todd, A. L. Smith, F. E. Tebbelington, J. E. Browlee, H. W. Atison, W. G. Shaw, W. H. Rockham,
 G. I. Stephenson, C. S. Applebach, H. E. Manning, J. L. Quinn, W. E. MacNiven, C. M. Wright, F. C. Moyer, C. C. Washington,
 L. H. Kline, Trease, W. P. Clement, *President*, J. E. Todd, *Vice-Mgr*, H. M. Fletcher, *Mus. Dir.*, R. H. Smith, *Pres.*, R. E. S. Taylor, *Sec.*, H. R. VanWyck, *Cantor*.

He bowed again. And so we left him, and went down the winding path to the edge of crimson Como.

That was on the 10th, and fourteen days afterwards we were ready to leave Florence and take the night train for Rome. We stood at the very threshold of our quest. Milan, Venice, Padua, Bologna, had all passed in the vivid, marvellous hues of actuality, and Christmas, Christmas was with us everywhere. Never at any other Christmas, never in the "tender, dear, dark land" of the North, shall the bells ring across the snow without the thought of those days in the south.

And it is so in those world-old cities this year as it was the last. In the great Arcade that leads out to the Cathedral at Milan, the arches are gay with evergreen and the pavements alive with the moving toys that fakirs wind all day to make the little black-eyed bambinos laugh; in Venice they are mooring home small Christmas trees on the black-curtained gondolas; in Bologna they sell the Yule-tide sweetmeats below the Leaning Towers; and in Florence, ah! in Florence, where every peasant woman looks like a Madonna, every balcony and facade is eloquent of the past, where the eternal feast of Art never ceases, there, too, we bought the festive laurel wreaths, there we saw the Christmas candles burn.

It was six o'clock as we drove through the dark, mediaeval streets on our way to the big station. The people were thronging into Mass as we passed the great Donna.

"I cannot bear to leave it all," said Victoria, as we rattled along; "we've been living with Dante and Beatrice, haven't we? It's been better than "the rose of Pliny." But we're going to something better still; we're going to the heart of the world, Dorothy, on Christmas Day. We're going to the Eternal City on Christ's own day. Somehow, all my life I have been living in the thought of this night, and Rome itself has reached out to me often, Dorothy, like something great and shadowy, like a dream, until I felt it—felt it coming near."

She was so lovely as she leaned over in the lamp-light that I thought of the little song, "Thou'rt like unto a flower," and I wondered if Miss MacKay did too.

But no, she was all impatience for the cab to stop and let her see about the luggage.

Luggage in Europe is one's greatest cross. Miss MacKay rushed off to the baggage-room; I stood guard by the waiting train with our hand bags. "Slow train," said an English voice near us; "we may not get into Rome until early morning, and no buffet."

I looked at Victoria, and she at me. We had had no dinner. "Keep our compartment and I'll get some biscuits," she said, and flew off.

The people came, the people went; it was five minutes to train time. No Miss MacKay, no Victoria. I began to be horribly nervous. It was the only train to Rome that night. Surely, surely the Fates were not in league again, at the very last moment, against my cousin's quest. I refused to believe it. But why didn't she come? The huge station mocked me with its myriad lights and faces.

Suddenly I saw a little red-winged travelling hat I knew. But who came limping, limping between two burly porters? Surely not Victoria! And, as I looked, the crimson wings went down, down, and, as quick as a flash, a crowd of people were around her prostrate form. Oh, was she dead! I flew to her. The porters, in a lingo half French and half Italian, bade me away. "Mademoiselle is dead—is dead," they shouted in horrid chorus.

I pushed through them, and reached her as her eyes closed in a dead faint; but not before I caught her whisper: "My ankle—Rome."

"Pick her up! pick her up!" I ordered in French-Italian-English. "Non, non, Signorina, non, non," they protested. "La Signorina est morte—morte." And they smiled serenely, happy to the heart at a scene.

"Will no one help me?" I wailed loudly.

And, at the moment, out of the thickening crowd, swiftly came the grey-clad figure that I believe I had half expected all the time.

It was Maurice.

Without one moment's parlanee he picked her up; her hat fell off, but we did not heed; her combs flew out, but it did not matter; there was the little train giving its last despairing toot, and—in the distance—Rome.

I don't know how we did it, but we threw ourselves into the moving train, and there we were, all bundled in a heap together—Maurice, the fainting Victoria, and I.

I never saw a man so wonderful; he knew exactly what to do, and he did it. He put down the windows and took off her collar, and produced whiskey from his flask and poured it down her throat.

And she awakened as from a dream, and smiled on us both. "Where am I?" said she; and then, staring at me, "Dorothy, you do look *too* funny!"

It was too much. After all the fright, the agony, the uncertainty, to be so greeted by one returned as if from the dead! Even a worm will turn.

"Victoria," I sobbed; "it's funny for you, perhaps, to feel yourself like this; but I tell you I don't see the joke, and you'll never, never, never have reached Rome except for Mr. Morton. He's taking you—not me."

I draw the veil over much that followed. The explanations especially. It is hard for the proud spirit to bow, and surely Victoria's was bowed to the earth during that first hour. Not only must she accept Maurice's assistance in every way—whiskey, biscuits, his handkerchief to bind up her foot, but our very railroad tickets, for Miss MacKay had the purse. And the handbags—oh, where were they? Decorating the Police Station at Florence, as we supposed.

As for Miss MacKay herself, we never thought of her at first, and then Mr. Morton paid a simply fabulous sum to the guard to telegraph from the next station to our hotel at Florence to find her, and send her on to Rome.

After this was over, the anxiety and fright of it all began to tell on me, and I found myself in my corner of the carriage, getting sleepier and sleepier. Station after station flashed by, the lights got dimmer, the night darker, the two on the other side of the carriage seemed to fade away.

Then, with a start, I woke and looked across at them. What, what, did I behold! Victoria, whom I had left propped up by pillows, with the hurt foot stretched over the improvised rug of steamer rugs, my proud Victoria, drooping like a lily, her head

in the hand of the Publisher, her head securely enconced against his coat sleeve.

I started towards her, then saw that she was asleep, and fell back. "Don't speak," whispered Maurice, tenderly, "I want her to rest."

And so the hours wore away. It was, as the English traveller had said, the early morning before we skirted the Campagna, grey like a ghost in the dawning, and slid into a great cavernous place.

"Roma, Roma," called the guards.

Victoria awoke.

We were quickly transferred to a cab, and soon, in the early, early light, could dimly see the modern streets through which we passed.

It was all silent in the chilly, grey dawn lights. Victoria, in the jolting cab, was half fainting from the pain. Then suddenly, like a far-off voice, there floated the sound of a bell, and before it died away another and another caught it up. Mysterious, unseen clamor, coming from we knew not where, filling all the air about us with vibrations as strong as sunbeams. It was the myriad voice of Rome, the Ancient and Eternal, bidding us welcome, we of the far, far north, on this the day of Christ.

And we all leaned out towards this mighty Rome to answer her, in our small way.

"A Merry Christmas, dears," said I, as our three hands met beneath the travelling rug.

A little tear slid down Victoria's cheek, she was almost too tired to speak, but she looked out upon the city of her dream and smiled through the tears.

And Mr. Morton—Maurice, I should say—tucked the rug closer about us both. "I shall have more to say to you anon, dear Madame Rome," he said, in his nice, droll way. "At present we want breakfast for three, and I have a toast to propose later on; one to the happy ending of all quests. For we are here, and Rome is here, 'tis Christmas Day—and 'Victoria Regina!'"

And the bells rang on and on.

Book Reviews



AFTER an absence of over a year, in which I did not hear much about Canadian literature, I may be permitted to give a brief retrospect of Canadian literature since my last annual review. Authors have not been idle, at least in prose, though few volumes of poetry of striking merit have appeared, if we leave out the names of Mrs. Blewett, Rev. A. W. Eaton and Vernon Nott as well known. Three new writers have made their bow: Conybeare, in "Lyrics from the West," Miss Coleman in "Songs and Sonnets," and R. W. Service, whose "Songs

of a Sourdough" contains some strong work. I hear that we shall soon be favored with a volume of tragedies by Wilfred Campbell, which will be welcome news to all lovers of good Canadian work. Another venture in this field of literature, so rare for a Canadian, will be "The Key of Life: a Mystery," by Rev. F. G. Scott, soon to be published by William Briggs.

In the field of the novel we have had new works by Norman Duncan, Sara Jeanette Duncan, A. Stringer, which I am very sorry to see developing sensation-wards: Basil King, whom too few Canadians know, and Roberts, in a very cordially welcomed book of animal stories,

where the author "has few equals and no peers" as one



PROF. L. E. HORNING, M.A., PH.D.

would-be statesman put it. W. A. Fraser's "Lone Furrow" has been very highly praised, and Rev. R. E. Knowles, in "The Undertow," has seemingly retained his popularity. Marian Keith produced "The Silver Maple," and Ralph Connor gave us "The Doctor." Newer names in fiction are Frank L. Pollock, with "Treasure Trail," he was already known by short stories; and Avison North, whose "Carmichael" is said to be good. New in fiction is Wilfred Campbell, whose "Ian of the Orcades" is a romantic tale of "intrigue, love and adventure" which has received good words from many critics. Arthur Heming is well known as an illustrator, and now comes forward as a novelist in "Spirit Lake." Still another new name is Arch. McKishnie, whose book is reviewed below.

This brief and incomplete list of better names in our poetry and prose literature gives ample evidence that, as in other directions, so here Canada has been growing.

An Irish Saint: the Life Story of Ann Preston ("Holy Ann").

By HELEN E. BINGHAM. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 155 pp.

The story of a very simple life, well known to many of Toronto's citizens, with an introduction by the late Dr. Potts. There are few such stories possible to-day.

The Toiler. By WILLIAM J. FISCHER. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 167 pp.

Dr. Fischer had already published "Songs by the Wayside," and is therefore no 'prentice hand. But we could wish for his own sake that he had cut out at least one-half of the poems in the book and have used the knife on some of the others. His muse lacks cheeriness, as can be seen by a comparison of "October Days" with McLachlan's "October," which is afire with the glory of the Canadian autumn woods. The gray mist, the dull, rainy day and the murky night, seem to hold him in their spell. In his language, too, there is a constant recurrence of "O," "Oh," "so wearily," "so silently," etc., that one becomes saddened. Moreover, some of his lines are prose cut off in lengths, as in:

"Some may prize diamonds, treasures fair,
Unto life's weary end,
And never own that jewel rare—
The heart, that's in a friend."

And there are other examples. On the other hand, there is a fine lilt in "A Song of Drowsy Town":

"Sweet ! sweet ! hear the swift feet,
 The spirits are calling from Drowsytown ;
 Voices sing loud to thee,
 Clear bells ring out to thee,
 Fairies bring shout to the ,
 Over the lonely hills, silent and brown,
 Ah ! little angel mine !
 Sail thro' the dancing Rhine,
 In thy dream-fashioned light ship up and down !
 Oh ! to set sail with thee !
 Kisses I'll mail to thee,
 For thousands are drifting to Drowsytown.
 So rest ! rest ! peace, tired heart,
 The night breaks too soon into morning !

Joseph Vance. By WILLIAM DE MORGAN. Toronto, 1907: Henry Frowde, 509 pp.

A most delightfully garrulous style, taking the reader into his confidence from the very first and making him see the scenes in all their carefully wrought details—such is *Joseph Vance*. It is not a book to read through at a sitting by skipping lines, paragraphs and pages, but a book to read by chapters, so as not to miss the witty and confiding style, and have time to think and reflect upon them, with a consequent increase of enjoyment. An old-fashioned style by an author who makes his debut at sixty-seven years of age. One is tempted to think, as a result of reading this work, that novelists and specialists, especially medical, should be chosen from writers and scientists of large experience and genial views of life. Joe Vance is first-class, and the way the father was able to bluff his ignorant way to wealth and higher society is well described. And there is *Lossie*, who tires you a bit, but is a good sketch. The Chapters are given detailed headings, and both the editor and the publishers have explanatory postscripts, of good length, too. Wouldn't "straight-thing words" and fewer be an improvement? And yet the book has great charm.

Alice-for-Short. By JOSEPH DE MORGAN. Toronto, 1907: Henry Frowde, 563 pp.

The life story of Alicia Kavanagh, *Alice-for-short*, told in even more prolix style than *Joseph Vance*, but with the same

thoughtful air and trust-compelling manner, so that the reader can all but see the haunts of old London, which are the scenes of the story. The book is not so good as its predecessor, but will sell well. The lack of haste, so prominent in these two works, is a splendid antidote to the hurry and bustle of some modern romances. The chapters have the same long headings as in *Joseph Vance*, and an addendum in place of a postscript. Of plot there is in neither much trace. Charles Heath is full of reminiscences of the author himself, and the house is also said to be the portrait of a real house.

The Weavers. By SIR GILBERT PARKER, Toronto, 1907. Copp, Clark Co., 532 pp.

"Dost thou spread the sail, throw the spear, swing the axe, lay thy hand upon the plough, attend the furnace-door, shepherd the sheep upon the hills, gather corn from the field, or smite the rock in the quarry? Yet whatever thy task, thou art even as one who twists the thread and throws the shuttle, weaving

the web of Life. Ye are all weavers, and Allah, the Merciful, does He not watch beside the loom?"



SIR GILBERT PARKER.

A striking quotation, the text, if you will, of the best book Parker has written since *The Right of Way*. The hero is David Claridge, a young Quaker and the real Lord Eglington, sitting out a sentence of three months for some very manly offences and then answering the call of Egypt, and by simple goodness, straight dealing and mystic influence helping that poor country on the road to wealth and prosperity. But

the actual Lord Eglington, a younger half-brother, as Foreign Secretary, does not aid in extremity, so that Claridge Pasha

all but meets the fate of Gordon, who has sat for David's picture. The plot is old, there is rather plenty of Egyptian coloring, and the presence of Thomas Tilman Lacey, of Chicago, is not necessary to the story, except that he comes down handsomely at the necessary time. Of course there is a woman in the case, Hylda, whom David rescues from insult in the Khedive's palace, and who, though in love with David, is carried off her feet by the brilliant wooing of the false Lord Eglinton, and marries him. But he dies at the convenient moment, and, though we are not told, it is quite evident that David and Hylda become one. An old plot and an old story, but told in such a way that we read along to the end without criticism. It seems to me that Canadian Quakerism has contributed to the picture of David and of the meeting house. I can remember just such characters and scenes in my native county, and Parker's birthplace was not far from another strong settlement of the same religious body.

The Last Robin. By ETHELWYN WETHERALD. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 198 pp.

According to the prefatory note nearly one-half of the poems in this volume are new, the rest selections from previously published volumes. Having only "The House of Trees" before me, I cannot pick out the new work, but have chosen as among those which please me, *The Fireweed*, *My Orders*, *Irony*, *A Rainy Morning*, *The Wild Jessamine*, *Earth's Silences*, *The Prairie*. Miss Wetherald is a pleasing, careful singer, with few high notes, but with few prosaic lines. She seems to sing "because she must."

The Lady of the Decoration. By FRANCIS LITTLE. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 236 pp.

This is a very breezy description of the joys and trials of a young widow, who, after her seven years of married sorrow, went to Japan as a kindergarten and teacher. The time was just before and during the first part of the Russo-Japanese War. Incidentally much light is thrown upon the trials of the foreign lady missionary, and one is not sure but that the right solution was found when the original first lover turned up very unexpectedly and carried the missionary off to a happy western home.

Songs of a Sourdough. By ROBERT W. SERVICE. Toronto, 1907 : Briggs, 82 pp.

Here we have some of the strongest work Canada has produced. This Yukon bank clerk has been to school to Kipling, and has some work quite worthy of the master. For instance, the first poem, "The Law of the Yukon"—

" This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain ;
Send not your foolish and feeble ; send me your strong and your sane.
Strong for the red rage of battle ; sane, for I harry them sore ;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core ;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bull-dog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.



ROBERT W. SERVICE.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones ;
Them will I take to my bosom ; them will I call my sons ;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my meat ;
But th : others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under my feet.

This is the law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive ;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only the fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
This is the will of the Yukon—Lo ! how she makes it plain !"

Other good poems are "The Spell of the Yukon," "The Call of the Wild," "Grin" and "The Rhyme of the Remittance Man." Service knows whereof he sings, and if, as in Kipling's case, the language is strong and elemental, so are the characters and passions described.

Gaff Linkum. By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 255 pp.

A new author here makes his bow with a work that gives evidence of some ability, even if it does skim along the surface



ARCHIE P. M'KISHNIE.

and lack condensation. *Gaff Linkum* is a foundling, left by Gipsy Pete on a doorstep in the Village of Talbotville, near Lake Erie. He grew up with Buz and Mollie, but never knew who his mother was until the plot thickens in an attempt to kidnap him. Then it is found that Di, a rather mysterious woman in the camp of the gypsies, is the lost mother, who for twelve years had stayed with them to get back her husband's will, which was to prove her wealth. There are some very good passages

in the book, especially the nature parts, but there is a lack of grip and careful sketching. We hope that the author's next attempt will be more compact and well-knit.

A Lady at the Court of King Arthur. By SARA HAWKS STERLING. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 262 pp.

A charming bit of book-making, in which various motifs of the Arthurian legends are woven together into a fairly interesting story for girls.

At the Sign of the Beaver. By SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS. Toronto, 1907: Briggs, 225 pp.

As in the case of the author's earlier book, this is a collection of prose and verse without much merit. Why such a sensational bit as "The Sparks Fly Upward" was included, I cannot guess. Even if founded on fact, such stuff had better be left out of what professes to be an attempt at literature.

The Intelligence of Flowers. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Co., Limited, 179 pp.

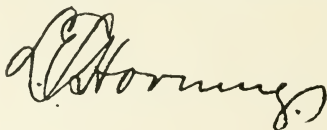
The famous Belgian author has given us here one of the fruits of his hours of recreation, just as he did in *The Life of the Bee*. The book is most charmingly written, gives evidence of very close and loving observation of both beautiful flowers and common, ugly weeds, and draws most inspiring lessons from his labors. It is a book for every flower-lover and should also inspire others to love and watch "the flowers of the field." The decorations by William Edgar Fisher and the illustrations are worthy of the subject matter.

The Modern Reader's Bible. By RICHARD G. MOULTON. Toronto, 1907: The MacMillan Company, 1733 pp.

This is a re-issue in one volume, on thin paper, at a moderate cost, of the various volumes which have from time to time been issued separately, and which have taken up only parts of the Old and New Testaments. In this form the book will have a wide sale, for it will make a capital Christmas gift.

Camp and Trail. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Illustrated. Toronto, 1907: Musson Book Company, Limited, 236 pp.

This book, by the author of "The Blazed Trail," etc., is the outcome of an offer made in *The Forest* to send information about tents to inquirers. In self-defence, the generous traveller wrote this book on camping outfits, personal equipments, horse packs and all other packs, all advice the result of his own experience, and as far as I can judge, evidently *common-sensible*. The book can be heartily commended to all would-be campers and explorers.





The Faculty of Forestry

B. E. FERNOW, LL.D.



THE soil is, in the last analysis, the basis of all national life, industries and commerce, for food materials are the prime necessity of life; and in the end that nation must become the most prosperous which commands the largest farm area and the best-arranged soil culture. It is true that for a time a nation can thrive on commerce alone by supplying its needs of soil products through importation, like Great Britain, but, finally, as export countries become settled, the soil, as the basis of national prosperity, will assert itself, and the purely commercial superiority vanishes.

Next to food materials, the most important products derived from the soil are not the minerals, although the producers of minerals are prone to think so, but wood, the most universally used and most indispensable material among all industrial nations. The fact that Great Britain, famous for its iron industry, but importing practically all its wood materials, pays a larger annual bill to other nations for the latter (\$125,000,000) than the annual output of her iron industries (\$120,000,000), goes far to substantiate this assertion.

Food and wood—note the close verbal similarity!—being both derived from the surface of the earth, which is limited, a sub-division of the available space between the two uses of the soil for food and wood production becomes necessary. Farm and forest must divide their heritage.

In wooded countries like Eastern Canada the forest is the natural condition, and, indeed, at least sixty per cent. of the

habitable world is forest land. Here the farm area must be laboriously wrested from the forest—forest destruction, to make room for field and pasture, is the first requisite of a civilization. But, with the increase of population and civilization, and consequently increased wood requirements, the work of the axe is extended beyond the limit of the farm soils. Forest destruction, albeit for legitimate uses, progresses far beyond the limits of the settled country, and, moreover, carelessness, bred by plenty, leads to unnecessary destruction by wasteful use and fire. The time comes when the balance must be struck, when supply must be balanced with consumption—a complicated calculation in which increase of wood growth, increase of population and increase of consumption due to growing civilization, are factors.

The fact that wood is not only a natural product of the soil, but, unlike the field crops, is satisfactory and ready for the use of man without artificial improvement, as in the case of fruits and cereals—this fact apparently makes effort on the part of man in the direction of wood production unnecessary. But Nature is everywhere the most wasteful husbandman; she takes no count of time or space; she has no knowledge of man's economic needs; she grows weeds as readily, indeed, more readily, than useful materials; she has all the time there is at command, and all the soil for any purpose which the fortuitousness of conditions dictates.

Finally, then, man must interfere and introduce economic thought into wood production; he must learn to make time and space more effective, to force Nature to produce in shorter time more and possibly better material per acre—the time for the forester has arrived.

When this time is at hand depends on a complication of economic conditions. Great Britain, with easy accession to timber supplies from other nations, has not yet awakened to a realization of the waste of paying out vast sums for a product which could more advantageously be grown, all or in part, on her waste lands. Germany, on the other hand, more densely populated, less advantageously situated as to imports, and more thrifty (due to her relative poverty), has for centuries paid attention to the conservative use of her forest resources, and for more than



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a century has adopted rational policies as regards soil division, and has developed the most perfect forestry systems. All the other European nations have within the last five decades taken steps towards the same end.

Canada, with a vast forest area and a scanty population, has as yet hardly realized the need of a forest policy, although voices have been heard for thirty years foreshadowing the need. She is still exploiting her forest resources, without thought of the morrow. Whatever has been done to regulate the use of her timber lands for greater economy and for future needs has so far been feeble. Indeed, if it were possible to surround the country with a Chinese wall, to prevent the population from growing, and to stop exports, mere exploitation could go on for hundreds of years without exhausting her forest resources, and without need of foresters and forest policies; but if we consider Canada as a part of the world at large, she has already passed the time when rational policies in the disposal of her timber domain should have been begun, with due regard to the future rather than to present fiscal results.

To educate the men who are to help in formulating and carrying out such policies, the new Faculty of Forestry has been established. Following the usage in the University, merely a four years' undergraduate course has been inaugurated; but, considering the almost unplowed field, the absence of an established profession, with its differentiation into graded positions; considering that the graduates will have to create the demand for their services, and must be men not only of academic attainments, but also of good, practical judgment, so that besides knowing how to apply their technical knowledge in the woods they may be able to impress the value of their services upon would-be employers, it will be admitted that a broader education than such a four years' undergraduate professional course can give will be to the advantage of the forester. Although, eventually, simple woodcraft, with slight additions of academic knowledge, may be sufficient for the practical woodwork, only the broadly educated men will become leaders in the new field.

B. E. FERNOW.

The Development of Wireless Telegraphy

L. N. RICHARDSON, '07.



HERE is nothing in scientific research so typical of the speed and spirit of the age as the development of wireless telegraphy. Scarce nine years have passed since the first actual application of Hertzian waves, yet in these few years a practical system of wireless telegraphy has been evolved, not indeed complete, but yet such as to warrant its installation in the armies and navies of many of the leading powers, and its success, commercially, seems to be assured. The nine days' wonder of those early days when Marconi captured the enthusiasm of press and public by his wonderful experiments, and sober men prophesied the speedy relegation of copper wires and gutta serena insulators to the museum, has indeed subsided, but popular interest has never wavered in its loyalty to the intrepid inventor in his persistent efforts to bridge the Atlantic with wireless communication. Indeed, public appreciation is always vouchsafed to the practical inventor who carries science forth from the laboratory and applies it to some useful commercial enterprise; but very often those who have worked patiently in humble laboratories, with little knowledge and great faith, who have seen the visions of these great possibilities and made it possible for others to enter the promised land of discovery, are not accorded their share of public praise. But time is the judge which justly accords to each his proper place in its annals, history.

So even the barest outline of the development of wireless telegraphy is incomplete without reference to the great work of Clerk Maxwell and Hertz, which lies at the basis of the theory of wireless telegraphy. Maxwell revolutionized the current Newtonian theory of matter and electricity, and showed the theoretical connection between light and electricity, while Hertz gave the first practical demonstration of the existence of electrical waves in the transmitting medium. From Hertz to Marconi we have a host of scientists and experimenters striving with more or

less success to apply these new principles to the transmission of signals without connecting wires. Crude and impractical as were these experiments, they at least pushed back the horizon and extended the bounds of knowledge—the greatest good science can do. Some of these, such as Righi, Lodge, Slaby and Preece, succeeded in telegraphing short distances without the medium of connecting wires, but Marconi was the first to attempt anything like long distance wireless telegraphing. Marconi's first successful experiments were made across the Bristol Channel in 1897, a distance of about four miles. Soon after, the Marconi



WILLIAM MARCONI.

Company was formed, and wireless communications were soon installed in many lighthouses, where it proved much more efficient and less expensive than the old cable system. Many of the merchantmen and war vessels are equipped with "wireless" instruments. By this means they can keep in touch with their haven for a certain distance, and can receive the daily weather reports from land, so that they can compile their own weather maps and statistics, thus materially lessening the dangers of commerce.

The question around which popular interest centers at the present time, of establishing wireless communication across the Atlantic, has not been so easy to solve. To this Marconi has been directing his energies for some years. The first experiment was in December, 1901, when the letter S was transmitted from Poldhu to Signal Hill, Newfoundland, a distance of 2,200 miles. Later, in 1902, the famous message of congratulation from President Roosevelt to King Edward VII. was transmitted, and the Marconi Company announced that the long desired trans-Atlantic communication was established. But a breakdown in the apparatus suspended operations, and for several years there were no new developments of a commercial nature. Recent reports, however, of Marconi's achievements seem to indicate a decided improvement in the practical working of his system. On October the 18th, fourteen hundred words were transmitted across the Atlantic with the average speed of three words a minute, and since then the operations have been meeting with success.

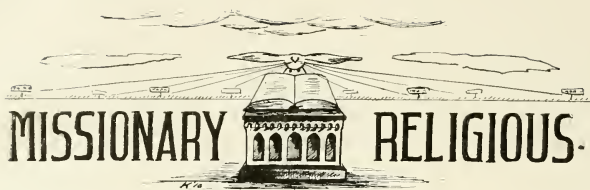
But there are many serious obstacles yet to be overcome before wireless telegraphy can meet the exacting demands of commercial competition. In the first place, a system that has a capacity of only three words a minute cannot claim to be of very great commercial value. Added to this is the frequency of atmospheric disturbances, especially in the summer months, which seriously interferes with the reliability of wireless operations. Thus the saving in expense for wire and connections is offset by the lack of speed and reliability. The lack of secrecy is another drawback. The message is sent out broadcast, and secrecy can be secured only by secret codes. For commercial purposes, life-saving and danger-warning, some universal code is desirable, but for warfare different navies will adopt secret systems.

There are many different systems of apparatus in use in different countries, but the same general principles underlie every system; and a general description of the system might be outlined as:


- | | | |
|-----------------------|---|------------------------------|
| The Sending Station | { | 1. Source of energy. |
| | | 2. The transmitter. |
| | | 3. The antenna (<i>a</i>). |
| | | 4. The air and ether. |
| The Receiving Station | { | 5. The antenna (<i>b</i>) |
| | | 6. Receiver. |
| | | 7. Earth. |

The source of energy was originally a primary battery. Now Marconi uses a two hundred and forty horsepower steam engine in his trans-Atlantic stations. The transmitter is the mode of generating sparks. The formation of sparks is the fundamental principle of the system (indeed the Germans call it spark telegraphy). A spark is a sudden transformation of energy produced in an air-gap when broken down by excess of voltage. Thirty thousand volts are required to break down an air gap of one-quarter inch. Lightning is a spark due to many millions of volts. The spark throws the electric system into vibration, and trains of electric waves radiate off from the antenna through the ether. The antenna was at first a single wire, supported by a tall mast, now an inverted pyramid or network of wires is used, the height depending on the distance to which communication is carried. The ether, disturbed by the antenna, radiates in electric waves the energy from the antenna, and a small fraction of this is picked up at the receiving station. These waves are of two kinds—electromagnetic and electrostatic—which move at right angles to each other and to the direction of propagation. They vary in length from one hundred to three thousand feet. The maximum strength of signals is got by tuning or regulating these waves so that they are of the same form and frequency. The receiving antenna is the electrical counterpart of the sending one. The receiver has many different forms. The earth completes the circuit. Dampness is essential, and thus communication over water gives more satisfactory results than over land.

There is still much room for improvement in the system. The great desideratum is the discovery of some method for the propagation of the electric waves in the desired direction, instead of radiating them in all directions, thus increasing their intensity and limiting interference. The Hertz parabolic reflector supplies the need for short distances. It is also essential that some means be devised to eliminate the effects of atmospheric disturbances before the trans-Atlantic communication is at all satisfactory.



The Canadian Colleges' Mission

N the early days of University College a Young Men's Christian Association was formed. At first the meetings were held in one of the class rooms, afterwards in a building known as Moss Hall, which stood on the site of the present biological building. The conviction became prevalent that a separate building was required, and steps were taken to secure it. Under the able leadership of the late A. J. McLeod, every member of the Y. M. C. A. was set to work, and soon success crowned these united efforts. It is well to recall these beginnings, for at the present time we are confronted with a similar problem. We have outgrown our building, and however much it may be prized for its historical associations and as being one of the first College Y. M. C. A. buildings, new and enlarged accommodation will be the imperative demand of the near future.

Among those who came to speak in the newly opened College Y. M. C. A. building were the Studd brothers. These young Englishmen had dedicated themselves and their wealth to the cause of foreign missions. They intended to go out at their own cost, and in their own way strive to do something for their brethren abroad, and they were eager to stir up other College men to do likewise. But the young men in Toronto to whom they spoke had not the independent fortune enabling them to copy these fine young types of the best in English aristocracy. Nevertheless there arose the Student Volunteer Movement, aiming primarily to secure willing workers who would be ready and zealous to go, and it was believed that means would be found.

In University College these young enthusiasts did not simply wait for churches or wealthy individuals to furnish the means. They decided that they would band together and out of their limited means make a beginning at least. They chose Jas. S. Gale,

B.A., as their representative, and sent him in 1888 to be one of the first to enter the "hermit nation" of Corea, then tardily opening the door to Western thought and enterprise. The students in the medical faculties also quickly followed up this beginning by sending Dr. R. A. Hardie and his wife to undertake medical missionary work in Corea. Soon afterwards, in 1892, Mr. Gale was transferred to a denominational Board, and the Arts and Medical students united to support the medical mission in Corea, at the same time so organizing as to invite other institutions to co-operate. Very soon the movement spread from west to east, and from Toronto to Halifax educational institutions co-operated. After Dr. Hardie's medical mission was transferred to denominational control and support, in 1898, the students decided to concentrate their efforts on Y. M. C. A. work in India, and contributed to the support of J. Campbell White, B.A., and later J. W. Farquhar, B.A., in Calcutta.

McGill University grew strong and independent enough to undertake on their own account to support a representative abroad, and the young women of the Canadian Associations, who had at first contributed to the General Fund, eventually decided to do likewise, sending Miss A. C. Macdonald, B.A., to Japan. Besides these two strong and aggressive organizations that sprang from the original society, a good work was accomplished in calling the attention of the churches to the advantages of having representatives abroad who were intimately and specially connected with some church organization at home, so that instead of giving in a vague way to support missions in general, these churches should have a close personal and vital interest in the work done for them by their foreign representatives.

The student movement also prepared for and initiated the present great movement to get the laymen, particularly the business men, to assume more responsibility and take more direct and vital interest in the home and foreign enterprise of their churches; and the former representative of the C. C. M. in India, J. Campbell White, B.A., has been led to this glorious work of organizing the laymen in the churches everywhere as the students had been organized in the Y. M. C. A. into a live and aggressive mission band.

The C. C. M. at present has slightly simplified its organization. The confederation of the several College Y. M. C. A.'s into

a University Y. M. C. A. unites at once in one Missionary Committee a large number of societies that were previously quite separate, or bound together only by the C. C. M. The C. C. M., however, is still required to form a combining agency and executive to connect the large central group with the students in High Schools and other educational institutions, and with the old guard of graduates and friends of the students who have all along supported, advised, and in every way assisted the younger students in this enterprise. It is indeed noteworthy that a large proportion of the graduates who pledged themselves to support Mr. Gale in 1888 are still contributing to the C. C. M., and business and professional men whose sympathies were enlisted with the struggling but enthusiastic students, have never flagged in their interest and support.

The C. C. M. has a double work to do, at home and abroad, to awaken, quicken and direct missionary zeal. We need the foreign mission work because of its own intrinsic significance and value, but perhaps we need it quite as much for its tremendous reflex influence on the home mission endeavor. Those who will not look beyond are usually blind to what is at their doorstep. A little publication called *The Canadian College Missionary* is issued monthly by the C. C. Mission.

May the new demands that meet the students of to-day, to extend the Y. M. C. A. accommodation at home, to upbuild the Christian life in our Colleges, and endeavor to carry the light into the dark regions beyond, be twice blessed to those who receive and to those who give.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. Hume". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the end. It is positioned above a horizontal line.

Notes

The Canadian Colleges' Mission contemplates sending a representative to the foreign field. The confederated group of Colleges forming the University of Toronto have pledged themselves



Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1907-1908.

- W. E. Galloway, B. A., C. E. Kenney, '08, W. E. MacKiven, '10, J. R. Lamb, C. T., J. K. Oakley, '08, F. H. Langford, '08, R. R. Nicholson, C. B.,
Devotional Com. *Bible Study,* *Music,* *Full Campain,* *Membership,* *Missionary*
J. J. Pearson, '10, Sec. A. O. W. Foreman, '08, Pres. Prof. F. H. Wallace, D. D., Hon. Pres. P. Bryce, Vice-Pres. H. E. Graham, '09, Treas.

to unitedly furnish \$1,200 for his support. Our College Society has accepted responsibility for \$125. It is hoped that a selection will soon be made from the many volunteers who are ready to go to the front.

The Annual Missionary Conference will be held in the College on January 17-19. Some of the speakers secured are Rev. Robt. Emberson, from Japan; Rev. Dr. Adams, from China; Rev. Jas. Allen and F. C. Stephenson, from the Mission Rooms, and our own Mr. A. P. Quirnbach. These names give promise of a more than usually interesting conference.

Again Victoria College has been favored by a special course of afternoon lectures by the Rev. Bishop Vincent, LL.D. Both city ministers and the students were present in good numbers each day. The following were the Bishop's topics:

Nov. 25.—The Meaning of a Voice.

Nov. 26.—The Making of a Voice.

Nov. 27.—The Voice of a Man.

Nov. 28.—The Voice from Heaven.

Youth and Age

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

BENT over some heroic book,
In nights gone by, his boyish head
So filled with eager dreams, he took
Them with him to his bed.
The splendid strife, the rush of life,
The tramp of fame, inspiring, strong,
His heart so stirred he scarcely heard
His mother's slumber song.

But now the glowing book of life
Is falling from his nerveless hand;
Gone are the splendors of the strife,
The conquering hopes—a daring band;
No plaudits pierce those aged ears,
No tramp of fame, though loud and strong;
He only hears across the years
His mother's slumber song.



VOL.
XXXI.

Acta Victoriana.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1907-1908.

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TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

Contributions and exchanges should be sent to F. S. ALBRIGHT, Editor-in-Chief
ACTA VICTORIANA; business communications to J. E. BROWNLEE, Business Manager
ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

Editorial

Christmas



SOMEONE has said that Christmas makes children of us all; and it is so. For a time, at least, we stop in our feverish rush for wealth and power, and our thoughts turn from material things to that great Event of nineteen hundred years ago. We may not fully understand it, but our hearts are touched, our minds subdued, and as the universal feeling of gladness and joy breaks down our egotism and reserve, we yield ourselves to the influence of the Christmastide with the happy abandon of a child. In the joys of family reunions, in the little sacrifices we make for our friends, and in our general feeling of good-will, we approach nearer to the heart of the Christ-child who brought

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The Museum

It is a source of gratification to know that at last we are to have a museum in connection with our University. The authorities have completed arrangements as to plans and specifications, and purpose the erection of a suitable building on the corner of Avenue Road and Bloor Street next spring.

The University of Toronto formerly possessed a good collection of curios and relics, but it was completely destroyed by the fire in 1891, and until recently no steps were taken to replace it, when, thanks in no small measure to Victoria's offer to place at the disposal of the University her already considerable collection, the matter was taken up and vigorously prosecuted, under the direction of Mr. C. T. Currelly, M.A.

In 1870 Victoria began to take serious steps toward the establishment of a museum, when the late Dr. Taylor collected a large number of Egyptian antiquities. With this nucleus the work was continued, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Crosby, the late Mr. Annis, and Professor Odium, until by 1902 there was no mean collection of Egyptian, Indian and Japanese relics. In that year Mr. Currelly, through an apparently fortuitous chain of circumstances, secured a position under Dr. Petrie with the Egyptian Exploration Expedition. During the next two years he made large and important additions to our archaeological collection. At the end of that time the matter was taken up by the University, and appropriations, supplemented by liberal private subscriptions, enabled Mr. Currelly to pursue his work still further, so that to-day she possesses a remarkably fine collection of Egyptian antiquities, about one-third of which were lately on exhibition in Wycliffe Convocation Hall. Mr. Currelly has recently been appointed to the staff as Director of the Ethnological Department, and will henceforth devote his whole time to that work.

The erection of a museum will satisfy a long-felt want, and will be hailed with joy, not only by the students, but also by the city and the Province at large.

College and University

Though it is perhaps invidious to particularize, we desire to direct the special attention of our readers to the series of articles on the College and University, which appear in another part of this issue. We are beginning a new era. With a new President, a largely increased attendance, and a more widely diffused and intensive interest in higher education throughout the country, the outlook for Toronto is bright indeed, and at this particular time it is fitting that we should pause for a moment to consider our development in retrospect and prospect.

Victoria's place in the University and the educational world has too long been misrepresented and misunderstood, even by some of her friends; and while the articles in question were not written with a view to self-glorification, nor inspired by a narrow sense of pride, a careful consideration of them will correct some of the erroneous opinions extant regarding our position and function in the educational realm. In the first place, Victoria was not an interloper. She was not founded in opposition to any existing non-sectarian State College, but her genesis was the direct and well-nigh inevitable result of the narrow sectarianism of King's College, which was being made a purely Anglican institution, supported by the State. We are often charged with narrowness and exclusiveness. If it be exclusive to refuse to merge our identity in that of University College, we frankly plead guilty, for we believe that by so doing we are remaining true to the basic idea of the college system, and thus promoting the best interests of the University at large. But if it is meant, as some would have us think, that Victoria has been a clog on the wheels of university progress, that she has stood aloof and been self-centred in her ambitions, we deny the charge. In the charter granted to Upper Canada Academy, provision was made for Government supervision, and a measure of Government control, which disproves the allegation that she was intended to exist solely for, and be governed by the Methodist Church.

Victoria has ever consistently opposed the divorcement of education from religion, but that her denominationalism has prevented her from being in the van of educational progress and reform, history absolutely disproves.

Another erroneous and all too prevalent opinion is that Victoria is a purely theological college. With all due respect to the theological faculty, we believe this to be prejudicial to our best interests, and such is not merely our own humble opinion, but that of the guiding minds of our College, both in the past and at the present time. It should be unnecessary to state that Victoria is not merely a theological school now; but, more than that, it never has been. As a matter of fact, in the beginning there was no theology taught at all. The Faculty of Theology came later, and while it deservedly holds a high position, Victoria is, after all, primarily an Arts college, and such we hope and believe it will remain.



An Acknowledgement

We wish to express our gratitude to all who have contributed to the success of this number, as well as to others whose contributions arrived late and had to be held over for future issues. ACTA's friends have ever been loyal and faithful in time of need, and this year the responses to our requests have been unusually liberal. Words but feebly express our thanks, but we trust that their consciousness of a service rendered may bring to them our wishes for a Merry Christmas.





PERSONALS AND EXCHANGES

'05



MISS EDITH DWIGHT has been appointed librarian at the O. A. C., Guelph.

Miss Margaret Hamilton is teaching in the High School at Stirling, Ont.

Miss Carrie Jickling is also teaching in the High School of her native town, St. Mary's.

Miss Ethel Patterson has charge of the Modern Languages Department in the Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

Miss Edna Smith is at her home, 14 Park Road, Toronto.

Mrs. Geo. Sparling (nee Switzer) is on her way to Chentu, China, where she and her husband expect to teach the heathen Chinese.

Miss Wenonah Spence is teaching at Jarvis St. Collegiate, Toronto.

Miss Susie Van Alstyne is at her home, near Napanee.

Miss Marion McLaughlin has a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa.

Miss Edith Wallace is carrying on missionary work at Foochow, China.

Miss Alice Wilson is engaged in clerical work at the S. P. S.

Miss Edna Walker is registered in the Faculty of Education.

J. S. Bennett is attending lectures at Oxford University. (Address 141 Woodstock Road, Oxford.)

R. H. Clark is still in Leipsie, Germany.

W. S. Connolly is engaged in missionary work in Japan. (Address 16 Tatsunoka Cho, Hongo, Tokyo, Japan.)

H. H. Cragg is preaching on the Hallowell circuit. (Address Chisholm, Ont.)

J. A. M. Dawson is Associate Editor of The Journal of the American Chemical Society, at the University of Illinois. (Address 605 Chalmers St., Champaign, Ill.)

G. A. Cruise is studying law at Osgoode Hall.

J. R. Davison is in business in Wetaskiwin, Alta.

A. E. Elliott is preaching at Belle Plaine, Sask.

A. L. Fullerton is with the Central Canada Loan and Savings Co., 26 King St. East, Toronto.

J. H. Gain is in business in Winnipeg.

W. F. Green is in the Mineralogical Department, University of Toronto. (Address 219 Robert St., city.)

F. A. E. Hamilton is assistant to the General Superintendent of Wm. Davies Co.

C. M. Hineks is a house surgeon at the Toronto General Hospital.

C. P. Holmes is in Japan, engaged in missionary work. (Address c.o. Rev. A. C. Borden, Kofu, Japan.)

Clyo Jackson is back at Vic studying theology.

W. E. James is preaching at Springvale, Alta.

J. F. Knight is stationed at Dawn Mills, London Conference.

F. W. Langford is preaching at Embro.

A. D. Miller is on the staff of Mt. Allison University.

E. W. Morgan, H. D. Robertson, and W. E. Sibley are engaged in missionary work at Chentu, China. (Address c.o. Canadian Methodist Mission, Chentu, Chuen, China.)

According to latest reports E. V. Ruddell is still in Europe.

W. J. Salter is Classical Master at Woodstock Collegiate.

J. A. Spenceley is taking Theology at Vic.

E. W. Stapleford is taking advanced work in Theology at Oxford University. (Address 141 Woodstock Road, Oxford England.)

W. A. Walden is stationed at Camlachie, Ont.

If any omissions or errors occur in the above, kindly notify the President, J. A. Spenceley, who is also Secretary pro tem.

(Several of the above items have lately appeared in Acta, but we thought it best to publish the complete class list.—Ed.)

Mention should have been made earlier of the conferring of the degree of Ph.D. by Toronto University upon Rev. F. L. Barber, '03. Mr. Barber is, we believe, the first Methodist minister to receive this degree from Toronto. We gladly correct the omission and extend congratulations.

J. E. Hughson, '02, of Lethbridge, Alta., while in Toronto recently paid a visit to his Alma Mater.

If a few Vie graduates do not soon get married, join a Polar expedition, enter public life, or perform other deeds of heroism worthy of a place in our monthly chronicle, and duly reported thereto, the Personal Editor must soon go out of business. Then please liven up, gentlemen, unless you would force him to go out and prepare a few cases for obituary notice, for news we must have. Friends and relatives of grads will please accept this intimation.

Victoria recently suffered the loss of one of her distinguished graduates, in the person of Geo. S. Beane, Ph.D., whose sudden death occurred in Los Angeles, Cal., on Nov. 1. Since his graduation as a medalist in the class of '85 Dr. Beane has had an eminently successful career in educational work. His last position was that of Professor of Physics and head of the Department of Electrical Engineering in the University of Southern California, a Methodist institution which professes to owe its present standing in no small measure to the work of Prof. Beane. Another Victoria graduate, Rev. Dr. Healy, conducted the funeral. To the family and friends, *Acta* extends sympathy.



Exchanges

Each of the many exchanges which reach our desk has one or more features of peculiar excellence. One is notable for the strength and weight of its discussions, another for the high literary standard maintained in all its contributions. Here is a weekly in which the College news and comments on recent events at the seat of learning give it a particular local interest. Next to it comes one of monthly or quarterly issue, much more pretensions in appearance, and appealing to a wider constituency by articles of a more general nature and the discussion of questions affecting University, or even national life. A few are able to publish some real poetry, and even wit is not unknown, though still more rare. No one magazine attempts to display all these virtues, and it would appear that no two are identical in their

aims, hence the hopelessness of attempting anything like a fair estimate of their comparative worth.

For possession of the maximum number of these excellencies rather than for unique distinction in any one respect, we very highly commend the November 15th number of *Queen's University Journal*. Its appearance is improved by a couple of cuts of such excellence that one wishes there were more. The first article, "Expansion and the English Drama," displays a literary quality which ranks it with the best current magazine literature. Vigorous editorial discussion of several such questions as "The Annual Rush," "Queen's and the Church," "The Q. and the Purpose it Serves," shows that the Journal is trying to be a real force in the life at Queen's. The departmental divisions of Arts, Science, Medicine, Divinity, Ladies, Athletics, Alumni, Exchanges and Music enable the Journal to present a more accurate reflection of the whole University than is possible in most college magazines. Whether or not we agree that writing comments on current events is a necessary part of college journalism, it is indisputable that the strong and ably written articles in this section are very interesting as an expression of the views of university men on present day conditions and needs. A report of the recent conference on Church Union, several book reviews, and the usual De Nobis page complete a magazine number that for comprehensiveness and general excellence is hard to equal.

The Oracle is the rather ambitious title of a new twenty-four page monthly journal published by the High School, Neepawa, Man. With a neat and attractive cover design, appropriate headings, and well arranged matter, clearly printed on splendid paper, in point of appearance *The Oracle* leaves little to be desired. The contents, which are of student production, range all the way from literary interpretations and historical sketches to limericks and the latest remarks of the ubiquitous Punnymen. Altogether, *The Oracle* would do credit to any collegiate, and cannot fail to be of service to the school in general, besides affording to its staff valuable training for the field of college journalism. We cannot do better than wish our newest exchange success commensurate with its early promise.



FOR the last few weeks the atmosphere about Victoria has been heavy with receptions. The two Literary Societies, the Sophomores and the Freshmen, have all been holding forth in various kinds of festivities, all of them, we venture to say, more or less enjoyable, principally more.

At the open meeting of the Union Literary Society on Friday, November 15th, several novel features were included in a very interesting programme. E. H. Ley, '08, made his first appearance this year, and he was welcomed with a vigorous round of applause, and his solo enthusiastically encored. The "Musical Inquisition" was another contributor to the programme. One of the novelties was introduced in the way of impromptus; the President drew from a box ballots bearing the names of members of the House, and as each ballot was drawn, the owner of the name thereon was obliged to "make a speech, tell a story, recite a 'poem,' or sing a song." Unfortunately, a feeling of shyness seemed to impede the flow of wit, on which this procedure should have acted like Moses' rod to the rock. The Kids' Korner showed good sense and good management, and the business session of House was fairly interesting and not too lengthy.

AT OPEN LIT.

President (reading a ballot)—"Mr. G. C. R—"

Leader of Opposition—"Mr. R—, 'abest.'"

President—"Some of the members, not having been working on Dago gangs during the summer, do not understand."

Opp. Leader—"Mr. R— is *Miss*-ing.

In the Treasurer's report one item was: "Saturday Night, \$2.25." Some protests were entered, but the Treasurer cleared his reputation by explaining that the item referred to a newspaper subscription.

O-k-y, '09—"After those speeches, I think the windows might be opened." (Hear! hear!)

A certain member was called upon, and after some searching, he was found in the "Annex"!

"Promissory Notes"—before the quartette started to sing.

"Protested Notes"—after they commenced.

President—"Mr. Hemingway has the floor."

From the Korner—"Spare the floor."

C—, '09 (called on to sing, recite or tell a story)—Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen, I am very glad to have the privilege of addressing you this evening—and now I've told a story.

Mr. P-r-s-n (looking hard at Mr. M-r)—"Some people do not need to be on the floor of the House every minute to make their presence felt."

In the Critic's report, J. L. Rutledge's ambiguous remark that he had "suffered something in the nature of a partial eclipse" has kept us guessing whether he did not refer to the copious bonnets in front of him, rather than the Secretary's neglect. The Critic also said that vocalist of the evening had improved during the summer, although he did not know under what influence.

Telegrams received during the session:

To J. V. Mc—:

Your contestant in the walking competition reports herself quite prepared. Will expect you, her trainer, an hour before the race.

(Signed) "Star."

To E. G. S—:

Call up N. 2924 at once. Very important!

(Signed) X, Y, Z.

The evening following Open Lit., '09 "had a party" in the celestial regions over the road. Decorations and refreshments were not lacking, and the time was pleasantly whiled away with games and class songs.

AT THE '09 LADIES' RECEPTION TO THE MEN.

D—n (in the cloak room, looking for his hat)—"Where's my peg?"

H—t—"Do you expect to have your name written there?"

C—lly—"When saying good-bye, I held the Dean's hand for quite a while. Now, that was rather nice."

Anonymous—"I don't call one dish of ice cream true hospitality."

Alphabetical Messages—"Get Honey in June."

M—r—"No, I don't sing, but I mean to try."

Miss B.—"Really, I think it better for the development of your aesthetic nature that you should listen to others."

Miss G— (washing dishes afterwards)—"Goodness! I'm glad no more came."

(The Ed. thinks there were no more to come.)

Miss T.—"What ever should we do without Latin keys!"

R—ge.—"I wonder! I tell you what, the first man I shall shake hands with in heaven will be Kelly!"

The open meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held Thursday, November 21st, in Alumni Hall, before a large audience. The principal feature of the evening's entertainment was a debate. The subject was, "Resolved that the present examination system of the University of Toronto ought to be done away with and that the standing of the student ought to be determined in the first three years by his professors, and in the fourth by an oral examination." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Spence and Hewitt, '09, while the negative was championed by Misses Parlow and Mason. The debate was keenly contested, but the decision was given in favor of the negative. Thus the secret hope of '09, that she should carry the laurel for a third year, was destroyed. '08 now goes forth with hopes for final victory, since she has succeeded in worsting her ancient foe, '09. The final debate will be between '08 and '10, '10 having been successful in her debate against '11.

Mr. Currelly's exhibition of Egyptian curios in Wycliffe Convocation Hall was greatly appreciated by the entire student body, and none are louder in their praises than the members of the graduating class at Victoria.

On Tuesday evening, November 19, in response to the invitation of Dr. Edgar, the Faculty of Victoria, with their wives and a strong contingent of our sedate and sober Seniors spent a very pleasant hour with Dr. Edgar, Mr. Currelly, and the said



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1907.

C. E. Kenny, '08, *Asst. Critic*,
 E. G. Saunders, '08, *Editor*,
 W. E. MacSivren, '10, *Asst. President*,
 C. M. Wright, '08, *Pres.*,
 J. K. Oakes, '09, *Treas.*,
 R. L. Biers, *3rd Vice Pres.*,
 G. A. Brigham, '10, *Rec. Sec.*,
 F. C. Moser, '09, *Leader of Oppos.*,
 T. A. Steele, '08, *1st Vice Pres.*,
 R. P. Brown, '10, *1st Vice Pres.*

Egyptian curios. When each had secretly decided which article he or she would have endeavored to carry off, were it not for the presence of the burly policeman at the door, the entire company adjourned in instalments to the home of Dr. Edgar for the promised "piece of cake." For several hours there was the usual flow of wit and wisdom, in which all participated, from the Chancellor down to the meekest Seniorette. All too soon, Dame Propriety bade us be gone, and the feeble expressions of thanks which fell from our lips was only a slight indication of the gratitude which we felt in our hearts to Dr. and Mrs. Edgar for "another evening well spent."

ECHOES FROM THE DEBATE.

Miss S—, '09—"Some students fail on their examinations because they do not look at things from the same point of view as their examiners.

Miss H—, '09—"We claim that one-half hour is long enough to thoroughly examine a student, orally, on any one subject. Indeed, numbers assert that they could tell *all* they knew in less time than that.

Miss M—, '08—"The great question is, the metallic where-withal—and we haven't got it."

Miss M—, '08—"Do our opponents purpose that our professors shall give each student a personally conducted tour through College?"

Miss S—, '09—"Cramming has been defined as "the accumulation of undigested facts and second-hand theories, to be reproduced on paper, handed over to the examiner and forgotten forever."

AT THE DEBATE, '10 VS. '11.

Miss D—f—, '11—"Chinamen are needed for lumber."

Voice in the audience—"I presume they must be black heads."

The First Year reception, on Friday, November 22nd, was one of the most attractive of the season. The Freshies worked hard, and the decorations, etc., showed the result. Their efforts to make this the best reception of the year were fully appreciated by the College. The entrance of the President of the

Year, later on in the evening, was an involuntary departure from the regular custom.

Freshman (at the reception, as the ladies came up the stairs)—“The very air changes.”

Freshette—“I always used to wish I were a man, so I could be a minister; since that is impossible, my ambition now is to be a minister’s wife. (B.D.’s beware!)

Miss M—er, ’11—“I had a promenade with a D. T. the other evening.” (And she wondered where the laugh came in.)

Langford, ’08—“A wonderful thing happened this morning. I made a joke to the Chancellor and he laughed. What do you think of that?”

Quirnbach—“I should say two wonderful things happened.”

Miss C—.—“Who was in that carriage?”

———: “Why, couldn’t you see?”

Miss C—.—“No, I couldn’t distinguish the countenances. All I saw was a blending of smiles.”

Dr. Reynar (at lecture)—“Few men have any sense!”

Guide (on the “Seeing Toronto,” pointing to Annesley)—“That is the place where they train girls to be Methodist ministers’ wives.”

“Will you have some more chicken, Miss C—?”

“If you please. I’m in a very receptive mood this evening.”

We must discount stories that come to us of the fare at the Ladies’ Residence. For instance, one resident remarked that “she didn’t think it right to make them eat *pills* for dessert.” And it was merely tapioca pudding!

M—l—r, ’09, entered the lecture room a little late and took a seat beside a grave Theolog. The Theolog. leaned over and said solemnly: “We shall sleep, *but not forever*.”

After the usual controversy the members of ’11 have received their class pins. Many assert that at a distance they resemble an automobile. They admit themselves that you can hear them coming.

Miss St—ns, ’09—“My highest ambition is to keep out of the Christmas Acta.”

Miss H—g, '11 (being asked to join the Y. W. C. A.)—"Oh, I scarcely think it necessary. We have family prayers every morning."

D—n, '11 (at class meeting)—"How many shall we have on this committee? Two of each?"

(Two of what? What does the boy mean?)

Mr. Auger (reading from "Romeo and Juliet")—

"The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—"

I suppose conceit doesn't give you any trouble!

Juniorette—"The Victoria Volunteer Band is going around to all the churches next week."

Freshette—"Oh, has Victoria a band? A brass band, is it?"

Red—n, '11 (in Religious Knowledge class)—"Dr. Burwash, I have known ministers to shine their shoes on Sunday; don't you think that is wrong?"

——, '11—"I'm glad we tapped Green. He stood there, looking so miserable and frightened."

Miss G—, '09—"How many were there of you?"

———"Oh, about forty or fifty. (Noble six hundred!)"

Miss McD—, '08 (having just met Mr. Auger)—"That Mr. Auger is quite an addition to our year. We don't often have fresh Seniors."

Dr. Reynar—"There are some places we may not go to, even for gems."

A small voice—"The Ladies' Study?"

Freshette (reading aloud)—"From Opium Fiend to Local Preacher"—Quirnbach! I didn't know he used to be an opium fiend."

W. H. Hiles, B.A. (at Ethics lecture)—"The surest proof of the existence of a Deity is the epistymological—"

Ockley, '09—"How do you spell the gentleman's name, please?"

Quartet of naughty-miners at Open Lit. (Tune, Doxology):

"Oh! we were d— near onety-naught.

But thank our lucky stars we're not," etc.

Those who were lucky enough to be in the College or on the Campus on Saturday morning witnessed a very fair example, on a small scale, of an old-fashioned hustle. The scrapping commenced in the basement, where the water flowed freely for a while, until personal interference by the Chancellor, then drifted gradually over to the Athletic Building, and some more water flowed. Freshies and Sophs mixed it indiscriminately for a while, but with the exception of an odd hat or coat, no real damage was done. "A little water is a good thing." (The Local Ed. knows that.) The scrap ended in good style, with an all-round handshake.

The Freshies claim that the score in tapping was 8—3 in their favor. The beauty of these playful little scraps is that they always end in a drawn battle, and leave the victory open for considerable debate on both sides.

Which will you have, Freshie; hot or cold shower?

Miss Mason (at debate)—"I haven't time to number my points, but I have twenty-nine slips of paper in my hand, and on each slip is a point."

Prof. H—ng (at the end of an afternoon tea)—"Now I'll go home and get something to eat."



ATHLETICS

The word 'ATHLETICS' is written in large, bold, serif capital letters. The letter 'A' is particularly large and ornate, with a decorative flourish. Behind the letters, there are several small illustrations of athletes in action: a person running, a person jumping over a bar, and a person in a crouched starting position.

Association



THE hoodoo that has followed Vic. in athletics for so many moons has at last been broken, and we have won something—the intermediate championship in the Inter-faculty Association series. The boys played two hard games to decide the finals, and in addition went up to Galt, where they managed to defeat such a crack team as the holders of the Hough Cup. This shows the good results of concentrating on one Association team and not trying to win both intermediate and senior.

The history of the winning of this championship is the most pleasant task that has fallen to the lot of a sporting editor of Acta since the winter we won the Jennings Cup and lost it on a technicality. The series commenced with a win from Knox by default, and then another win a week later from Pharmacy by the close score of 1—0, although our lone tally might have been doubled or trebled. Then came the two really hard games of the series. Vic bucked up against Senior Arts in the final contest, and the game ended in a draw, 1—1. Captain Courtice and his stalwarts wanted to continue the contest till a decision was reached, but the Varsity men were quite plainly "all in," and wished to delay the final struggle till another day.

So the two teams met on Wednesday, November 20th, on Varsity campus. Vic elected to defend the south goal in the first half, and started things with a rush. The forwards, particularly Courtice and Gundy, were after the ball every minute, and came near scoring several times. Finally Courtice put a shot in that eluded the Arts goal-tender, and when the first half ended the score was one to nil in favor of Vic. In the next half the play was more in the centre of the field at first, but finally worked down to our goal. One of the Arts men kicked the ball behind the line and then out again, and then took a shot

on goal, the ball passing between the posts. The referee allowed this fluke tally. But our lads took a brace, as they were evidently much fresher than their opponents, and in a few minutes Reg. Gundy made a successful shot. This ended the scoring for the game, and won the championship for Victoria.

All through the games the consistent defence work of Jewett was particularly noticed and praised by the onlookers. He seldom missed a kick, no matter whether the ball were high or low. He was well seconded by Davidson. The half-back line and all the forwards played a hard, aggressive game throughout the series.

The team that represented Vic was as follows: Goal, Sanders; backs, Davidson, Jewett; half-backs, Domm, Vance, Moorehouse; forwards, Cass, Courtice, Rumball, Gundy, Taylor.



Hough Cup Defenders Beaten by Vic.

Galt was rather rudely awakened Saturday morning, November 23rd, when the C. P. R. train from Toronto pulled in and thirteen Victoria men announced their arrival by V-e, V-e, V-i-e. Here, Victoria, Intermediate Inter-faculty champions, were to meet the heretofore invincible Collegiate champions, and winners of the Hough Cup. The speedy Galt eleven were in good form, and being strengthened by three of the Galt senior team, hoped to pull off an easy victory.

Victoria came strong on the start, and soon had Galt on the defensive, and by half time the score stood 2—0 in Vic's favor. However, the Collegiate boys were not dismayed. They entered the second half with such vigor that the play for some time was centered in front of the Victoria goal, but owing to the splendid work of Victoria's defence they were unable to score until near the end of the game, when the Galt forwards made a pretty combined rush, scoring by a swift shot from the right wing. This ended the scoring, although the play was strenuous until the whistle blew for full time.

The line up: Goal, Sanders; backs, Jewett, Davidson; half-backs, Wren, Vance, Wilson; forwards, Courtice, Gundy, Cass, Williams, Rumball.



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Miss K. E. Boardman, '08,
President.

Miss J. McConnell, '11, *1st Year Rep.*

Miss A. E. Spencer, '08,
Field Hockey Capt.

Miss G. I. Grange, '08,
3rd Year Rep.

Miss H. Graham,
Hon. President.

Miss M. P. Davidson, *2nd Year Rep.*

Miss L. Domic,
Basket Ball Rep.

Miss P. J. Mason, '08,

4th Year Rep.

Miss F. Crane, '09,
Secretary.

Jottings

The last Rugby match of the season was played November 12th, when we journeyed up to Guelph and played a return match with O. A. C. We fared but little better there than in Toronto, although we played a weaker team, and came back defeated by the score of 13—2.

Joe Rutledge organized a second team a couple of weeks ago and gave the first team a good practice game, the final score being 22—6 in favor of the firsts. If we had a few more of these matches before the Mulock Cup series it would prove of incalculable benefit to the team.

This year O. A. C. cut out Association football entirely, and devoted all their energies to Rugby, as they thought they could not with any degree of success support both games. It might be a good idea if Vic concentrated on either one or the other. This year we have come out victors in the Association. Next year we might play nothing but Rugby, and see if we couldn't annex that heirloom of the School's—the Mulock Cup.

It will afford a good deal of satisfaction to Vic that the Rugby team that beat us in the initial game by the close score of 11—8, and at that on a fluke, finally won out in the series. They won their second game easily by the score of 36—0, and their final one from First Year School, by 30-8.

After their final Association game, the victorious Vics went down to the St. Charles' Cafe, where they had a most enjoyable banquet.

The Rugby enthusiasts met November 29th and elected the officers for next year. Lester Green, '10, will make a popular captain, and the other officers are: Hon. President, Dr. Horning; President, J. C. Lovering; Secretary, Jack Birnie; Manager, "Cassins" Ockley; Manager of Second Team, "Pat" Miller.



The Rink

A charming freshette has asked the Sporting Editor if it is true that we won't have any rink this year. This same rumor has arisen about the end of November for several years past, and has just as much truth in it as it ever had—none. The



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907-1908.

W. Vance, *C. Half*. O. V. Jewett, *L. Back*. E. G. Sanders, *Goal*. W. Moorhouse, *L. Half*. E. E. Doorn, *R. Half*. W. W. Davidson, *R. Back*.
 H. Williams, *Forward*. R. P. Stockton, *Manager*. W. N. Coontice, *Goal*. J. Outside Right. J. W. Kilpatrick, *W. A. Post*. D. Wren, *Half Back*.
 J. Kimball, *Inside Right*. J. R. Gundy, *Centre*. W. J. C. Cies, *Inside Left*. W. E. S. Taylor, *Outside Left*.

rink will be conducted along practically the same lines as in previous years, and Arthur is said to be fully as expert in the art of manufacturing ice as Jerry was.

The Rink Committee for this winter is composed of the following men: J. E. Lovering (Secretary), W. W. Davidson, R. P. Stockton, J. H. Oldham, W. A. McCubbin, C. B. Kelly, G. C. Rutledge.



Tennis

The winners in all the events in the Tennis Tournament were given in the last number, except in the Ladies' Handicap. This was won by Miss Grace McLaren, '09. Miss Ada Spencer, '09, was runner up, the score in the final match being 3—6, 8—6, 6—0.



Alley

The Freshmen won out in the inter-year alley, going through their five games undefeated. The standing at the close was as below:

	WON.	LOST.
'11	5	0
P.G.	4	1
'08	3	2
'09	2	3
'10	1	4
C.T.	0	5

The '11 team displayed fine form in their final games, and easily disposed of the P. G. team, the runners-up. During the games many close finishes were made, and much interest was exhibited throughout the schedule.

The Inter-college series resulted as follows:

A SERIES—WON.		LOST.	B SERIES—WON.		LOST.
St. Mikes.....	3	1	St. Mikes.....	4	0
Dents	3	1	Den's	1	3
Victoria	0	4	Victoria	1	3

Owing to these games being played under different rules, and with a larger ball than Victoria players have been accustomed to, they had difficulty in "killing the elusive sphere," while their opponents, especially St. Mike's, excelled in this, the winning phase of the game.

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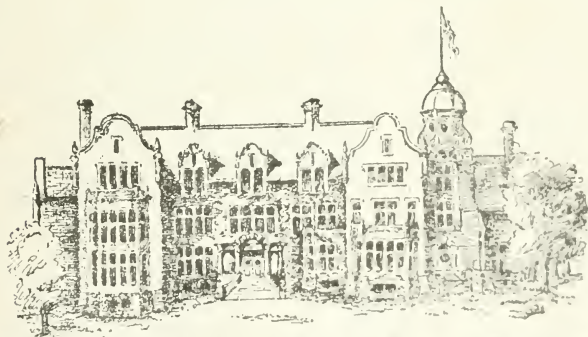
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